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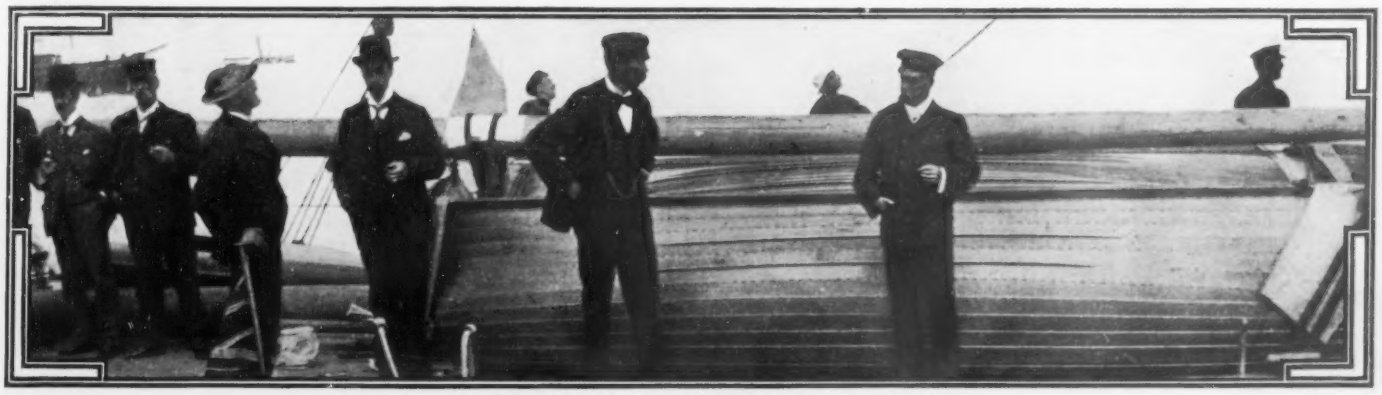
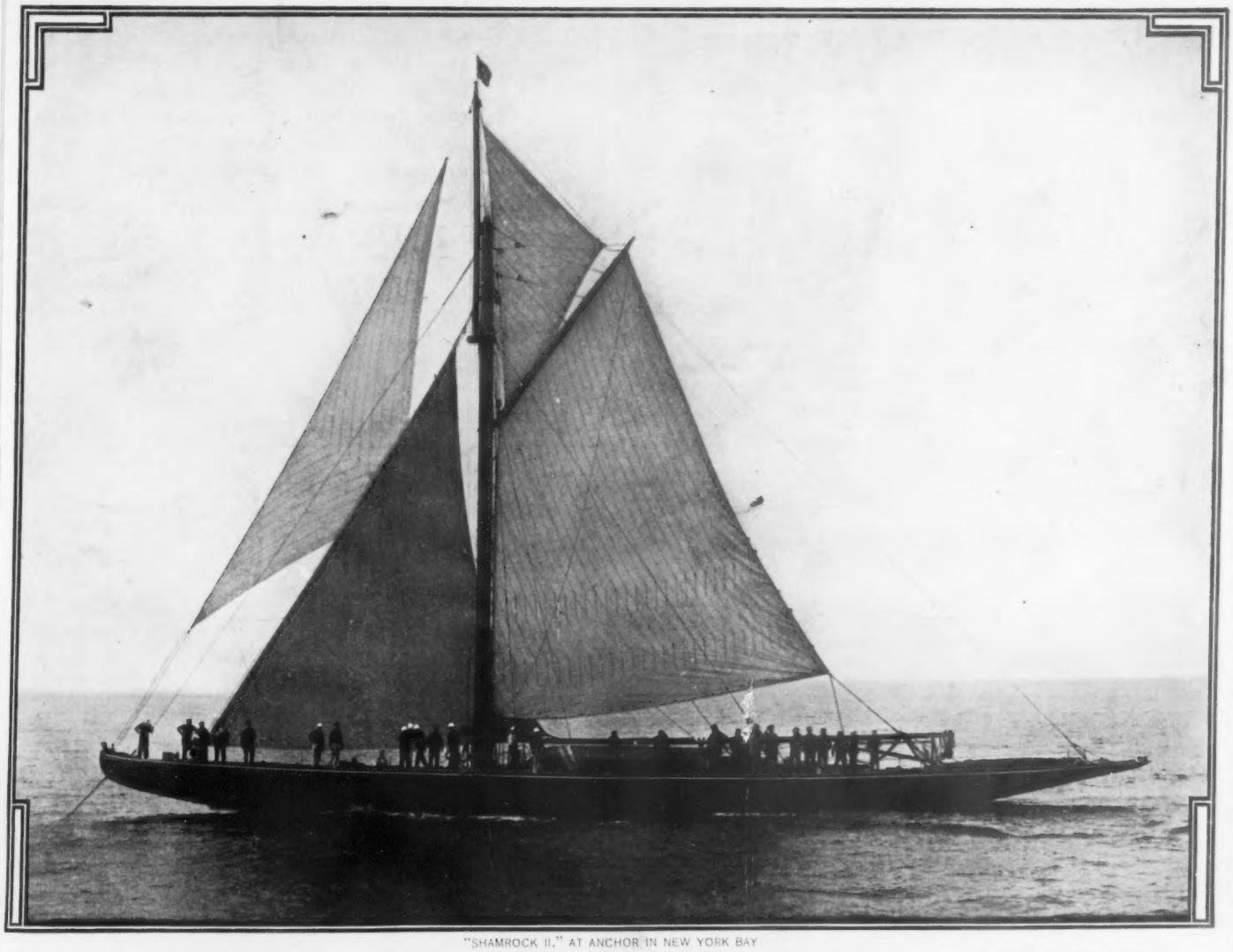
SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S MESSAGE TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE APPEARS IN THIS NUMBER

COLLIER'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

VOL. TWENTY-SEVEN NO. 21 NEW YORK AUGUST 24 1901 PRICE TEN CENTS



SIR THOMAS LIPTON AND GUESTS ON THE DECK OF "SHAMROCK II."



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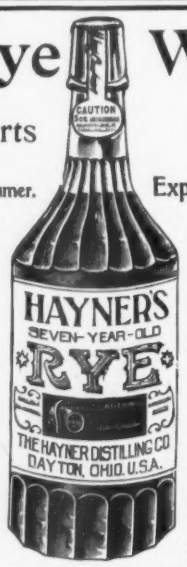

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

P. F. COLLIER & SON: PUBLISHERS Editorial and General Offices 521-547 W. 13th St. 518-524 W. 14th St. NEW YORK

VOLUME TWENTY-SEVEN
NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

NEW YORK : AUGUST 24, 1901

TEN CENTS A COPY
$4.00 PER YEAR

The WEEK

THE SPIRIT OF THE TWELFTH OF AUGUST SEEMS to have carried to Lord Kitchener in South Africa. In truly sporting language he writes: "I am glad to send you the largest return I have yet had for one week. Ninety-nine killed, twenty wounded," etc. The cheerful despatch appears alongside a report of exceptionally large "bags" of grouse on the Scottish moors. There are points of similarity between the sports.

THE MONTANA JUDGE WHOSE DERELICTIONS were mentioned in this column last week has made a statement in his own defence. He was not wiled into a wicked action by a lady, he was not bribed by a litigant. On the contrary, with Christian firmness he resisted a bribe from the other fellow. He did not wait to be tempted again, but ran away and lives to be tempted another day. The sum offered was $250,000, which proves that if judicial honor in Montana is not very high in one sense it is in another.

A TRANSATLANTIC CROSSING OF FOUR AND ONE-half days is promised by a company which has been formed in Ireland. The ships will sail from Berehaven in Bantry Bay, at the southwestern corner of Ireland, and will connect with a special railway and Channel ferry line to Holyhead. Berehaven is 2,729 miles from Sandy Hook; Queenstown is 2,849 miles, Southampton 3,213 miles. The objection to the new route that instantly suggests itself is that after the passengers have landed a long and dreary journey will await them before they arrive in London, the goal of a great majority of American travellers. But this objection may be met partly by fast trains and comfortable boats. The line will be a great benefit to Ireland, and particularly to a part of Ireland that sorely needs benefits.

PRESS CENSORSHIP IN SOUTH AMERICA LEAVES nothing to the imagination—or everything. It is impossible to learn much of the situation beyond the fact that Colombia has stirred up a revolution in Venezuela, Venezuela has returned the compliment in Colombia, and warlike preparations are going on vigorously at the borders. Our government has determined in any event to protect the freedom of traffic on the Isthmus of Panama, but many persons think it will be necessary to go further to prevent these firebrands from starting a conflagration that could not be put out by one or two gunboats. The government is in the position of a guardian of turbulent wards who have no reciprocal responsibility and are cheerfully reckless of consequences. No one knows what these waspish little autocrats will do when they take up their rifles and go out on the warpath.

THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE TO THE CORN CROP is now known with some degree of definiteness. According to estimates based on the statistics of the Agricultural Bureau, the yield will be considerably under 1,500,000,000 bushels—the highest estimate giving it at 1,400,000,000, instead of the 2,100,000,000 bushels expected. Kansas and Missouri suffer most, although Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois have not escaped. The hopes for a larger yield than the government report indicates, based upon a natural tendency on the part of the government agents to underestimate, are defeated by the fact that there has been some loss since August 1, when the returns closed. The larger yield of wheat, the enhanced price of the corn that remains, and the abundance of other fodder for cattle will soften the misfortune; but it is a misfortune still, and one of far-reaching consequences.

IT IS SOME CONSOLATION TO LOVERS OF JUSTICE to know that at last adequate steps have been taken to punish looting in China, and it is especially comforting to feel that an American official has inflicted the punishment, although unfortunately the prisoners also are our countrymen. Three enlisted men have been sent to prison for three years at Tien-tsin for raiding a Chinese pawnshop on the pretence that the owner was a Boxer. Li Hung Chang made the complaint. A few cases of this sort may go a little way toward convincing the Chinese of the rigid qualities of Western justice, but we fear their faith in us is badly shaken, and will continue insecure while private houses and auction shops in Europe and, we are tempted to say, missionaries' rooms in China are hung with almost priceless relics and finery torn from the temples and princely residences of Pekin. Three privates sent off to the stone pile will not make a summer of the fearful desolation wrought in China by the allied forces.

DEATH HAS CLOSED THE ACCOUNT BETWEEN Signor Crispi and Italy, and it would be hard to say in whose favor the balance stands. Early in his career he labored earnestly and at great risk of life and comfort and riches for the unity of his native land, but when he came into possession of power his patriotic services were obscured by the most corrupt political methods and by a personal obliquity which was only saved from being called criminal by the tenderness of his fellow countrymen. He helped to free and unite Italy, and then placed upon the shoulders of his free and united country a burden of debt under which she staggers distractedly. His power came to an abrupt close with one of the most crushing defeats that has befallen an army in our time. Even in the presence of this disaster the cupidity of members of his government displayed itself. The news of the battle of Adowa was suppressed while the friends and associates of Crispi arranged their speculative ventures to meet the inevitable storm.

THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY AGAIN CONTRIBUTES to the general fund of human knowledge, not to say the gayety of nations. Prof. Starr of that faculty has discovered that the castor bean will destroy the mosquito. The professor derives this important conclusion, the newspapers say, from personal experience. Once in a tropical country he was beset by mosquitoes. Against them he wagged a branch of a castor oil plant. They fled, never to return. The professor slept. Other professors are pursuing experiments with petroleum, which is cheaper than castor oil, leaving it to the savants of Chicago and other places where the ricinus communis grows wild, to verify Prof. Starr's conjecture. These experiments have been satisfactory, and the work of "petrolizing" stagnant waters has been taken up officially in some communities that have suffered severely from malaria. This method, supplementing good drainage, promises to reduce the number of mosquitoes and so to diminish the prevalence of disorders occasioned by their bites.

THE ATTEMPT TO MODIFY THE KING'S DECLARATION has stirred the English people more than we would think possible over here, where the sects get on amiably with each other and where religious intolerance has never—at least in this generation—played an important part in politics. It was proposed in response to numerous entreaties from all parts of the empire to remove the denunciation of "adoration of the Blessed Virgin" as "idolatrous" and to soften other expressions reflecting unkindly on the religion of many millions of the king's subjects. But the first mention of the changes aroused a fierce protest, on one side from persons who objected on religious grounds, and on the other side from persons who objected on political grounds, while the Catholics themselves, deeming the modifications suggested not ample enough, have withheld active support from the government's bill. It is pleasant to think that a controversy of this nature would be impossible in this country. If we have made no other advance we at least have kept religious intolerance out of politics. Any one who imagines this is a slight accomplishment need only look to the Associations Bill in France, the struggle between Church and State in Rome, and now the furious controversy in England, to realize his error.

IF *SHAMROCK II.* DOES NOT LIFT THE CUP WE are to have the pleasure of a good scare at any rate. A well-informed writer on yachting declares that Sir Thomas's boat has "lines above the water that indicate that she is far and away the swiftest yacht ever built," and he begs Mr. "Nat" Herreshoff, the builder of *Constitution*, to increase the sail area of the defender if there is any way to do it. In the face of these portentous statements, Mr. Herreshoff, like Scott's little girl, remains "more than usual ca'm." Sir Thomas Lipton expresses his own hopes through a graceful article in this issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. It is rather a left-handed compliment he pays us when he tells us that he had to reiterate passionately his belief in American fair-play to his doubting English friends—his belief that we would not scuttle his ship or disable his sailors. Fortunately that bad day of doubt has passed, and Englishmen are prepared to concede that we are almost as good sportsmen as the Earl of Dunraven. We can forgive the lapse for the notable geniality of Sir Thomas's letter. We trust he will not have to emulate that other hero of Ulster, "Red Hugh" O'Neill, and throw his severed hand across the finishing line. We may be pardoned for expressing the belief that he would not be able to throw it the necessary distance if he wanted to.

THE PEOPLE OF MANY PROSPEROUS MANUFACturing towns in Pennsylvania and Ohio were dismayed, with good reason, last week by the announcement of a new policy to be adopted by the United States Steel Corporation in fighting strikes. The Corporation has determined, wherever it is possible, to dismantle or abandon mills where the workmen have gone out. This is wasting the enemy's country with a vengeance and savors of real warfare. The mills are the very heart of many fine cities and towns. Thousands of persons and their small concerns depend on the activity of these establishments. The blow as usual falls heaviest on the non-combatants, the unoffending public. The operatives can move to other industrial centres and gain employment. The case is different with the merchant or banker, who has a heavier stake in the community and who has risked everything on the stability of the local conditions. He is not apt to think very highly of a victory which is won at the cost of complete ruin to himself and his family, who have had no interest in the dispute. But the policy may have a large usefulness if it makes people ask whether a struggle between a combination of great wealth and its employés, which may practically destroy whole communities and bring ruin on multitudes of innocent people, is really a "private matter" in which each of the contending parties can do what it will with its own.

THE WORLD CANNOT HAVE TOO MUCH OF MR. Kipling's prose in which he is renewing the youth that gave us "Soldiers Three." But Mr. Kipling's verse, his recent verse—well, we can hardly believe it is his. As Mark Twain said about the bicycle, "It doesn't stand to reason." "The Lesson" is the name of the last effort, in which the poet causes his muse to treat of the South African war and its consequences. Here's a couplet:

> . . . . faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equipment and mental attitude—
> And so we get our lesson; and we ought to accept it with gratitude!

Another:

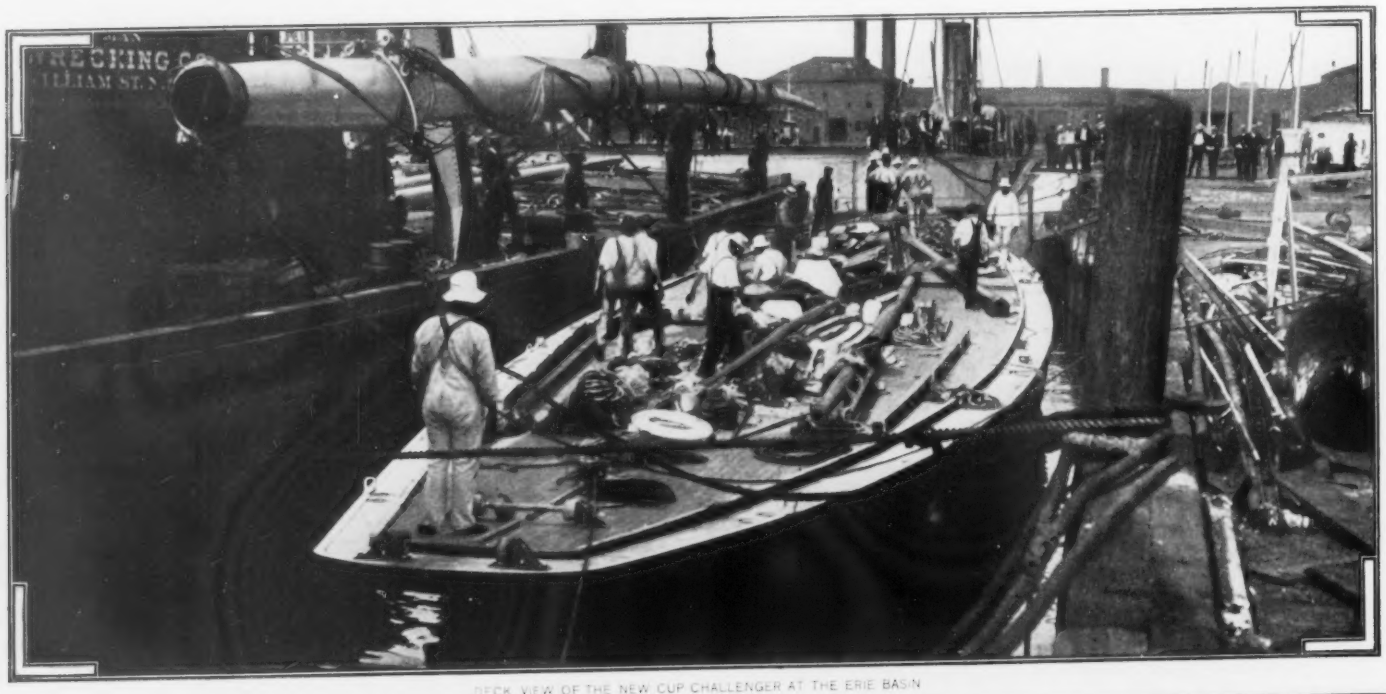
> Let us develop this marvellous asset which we alone command
> And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be worth as much as the Rand.

The conclusion:

> So the more we work and the less we talk the better results we shall get—
> We have had an imperial lesson; it will make us an empire yet.

Business and politics—two of the greatest enemies of the poet. What brush can make poetic gold of "marvellous asset"? or how can "equipment and mental attitude" stir our pulses? They would refuse to move faster if they were Tory. We much prefer the line in which the poet says, "our holy illusions" have been "knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite, for we've had a jolly good lesson and it serves us jolly well right."

FEARFUL AND WONDERFUL REVELATIONS OF the misconduct of the police force of New York City continue to amaze the public. It was generally suspected that the department, through some of its commanding officers, is a patron of the criminal classes, shielding them from prosecution in return for money or political assistance. This was a dignified and honorable business compared with the position in which the most recent charges have placed the department. It figures now not as the protector, but as the tool of criminals. The accusation is made by one of the societies for the prevention of crime that when a raid of poolrooms by this society was impending, spies of the poolroom owners communicated with police captains and sergeants over the police telephone, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of the runners, and the captains and sergeants forthwith sent out men from the stations to warn the criminals. This is in some respects the worst charge that has been made against the department. Not only does it connive at crime, but it devotes its energies to a systematic defeat of the processes of the court. The attempts to purify the force thus far have resulted in the conviction of one policeman for extortion, the indictment of another for neglect of duty, and the publication of many vague rumors of prosecutions. But it is apparent from the manner of the men under suspicion that they are in no terror of punishment, and will be in none until the sustaining political power behind them, which would compel them to protect vice and crime even if they were not too willing to do it, is smashed by the people. No one who knows the people of New York can feel sure that this happy solution of the problem is at hand.



DECK VIEW OF THE NEW CUP CHALLENGER AT THE ERIE BASIN

THE CUP CHALLENGER'S FINE POINTS

AT ELEVEN-THIRTY O'CLOCK at night on Sunday, August 11, Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, *Shamrock II.*, that has come seeking the America's Cup, dropped anchor near the Sandy Hook lightship. She had been 15 days, 6 hours and 45 minutes making her trip across the ocean. She was in tow of Lipton's steam yacht *Erin* most of the time. *Shamrock I.* made the same trip in 14 days, 19 hours and 58 minutes.

At the Erie Basin *Shamrock* was carefully examined by the writer as she lay beside a pier, first with a bare deck and then with her mast on end and boom and gaff in place. But a single glance at the hull was necessary to show that it was beautiful; and the more carefully and critically it was examined the more every experienced spectator was impressed with its appearance. I looked her over repeatedly from both ends, and from a point thirty feet above her deck, and it is certain that she has the finest lines above water of any 90-footer ever built. Descriptions of this yacht sent from the other side have been at best misleading. Her greatest breadth is at the frame half-way between the stem and the stern. She tapers each way in a perfect curve. No such beautiful deck plan was ever seen. And from the rail down to the water there is not a single rude line to be found.

By good fortune I saw a tape-line laid from the after side of her mast to the after edge of her taffrail. The distance was 100 feet 10 inches. Knowing this, I am confident that she is more than 140 feet long—say from 142 to 143—*possibly still more*. Her beam is said to be some inches over 24 feet. *Constitution* is 132 feet long. Consider the fineness of the curves drawn to a chord 142 feet long which are yet but 24 feet and a few inches apart at the widest place.

The exact length of her boom is not given, but I could see that it projected at least 18 feet beyond her taffrail, and it is therefore at least 119 feet long. *Constitution's* is 110 feet long. *Shamrock's* mainsail is 9 feet longer on the foot than *Constitution's*. However, there is a spare boom in a warehouse near the dry-dock. It is 117 feet long, and this may be the one that will be used in the race.

The exact hoist of the mainsail is not known, but from the top of the boom to the sheave of the topsail halyards the distance is about 145 feet. It is fair to estimate that *Shamrock* will carry at least 1,000 feet more canvas than *Constitution*.

In short, after examining the hull carefully and considering such figures as are trustworthy, it is certain that the Cup is this year in very great danger. A race is never lost before it is sailed. Yachting is the most uncertain honest sport in the world. The genius of Nat Herreshoff, the designer of *Constitution*, *may* save the day. Judging from what has been seen, and what we now know, the chances are very greatly in favor of the success of Sir Thomas Lipton.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

HOISTING THE STEEL RACING MAST

THE MAST STEPPED

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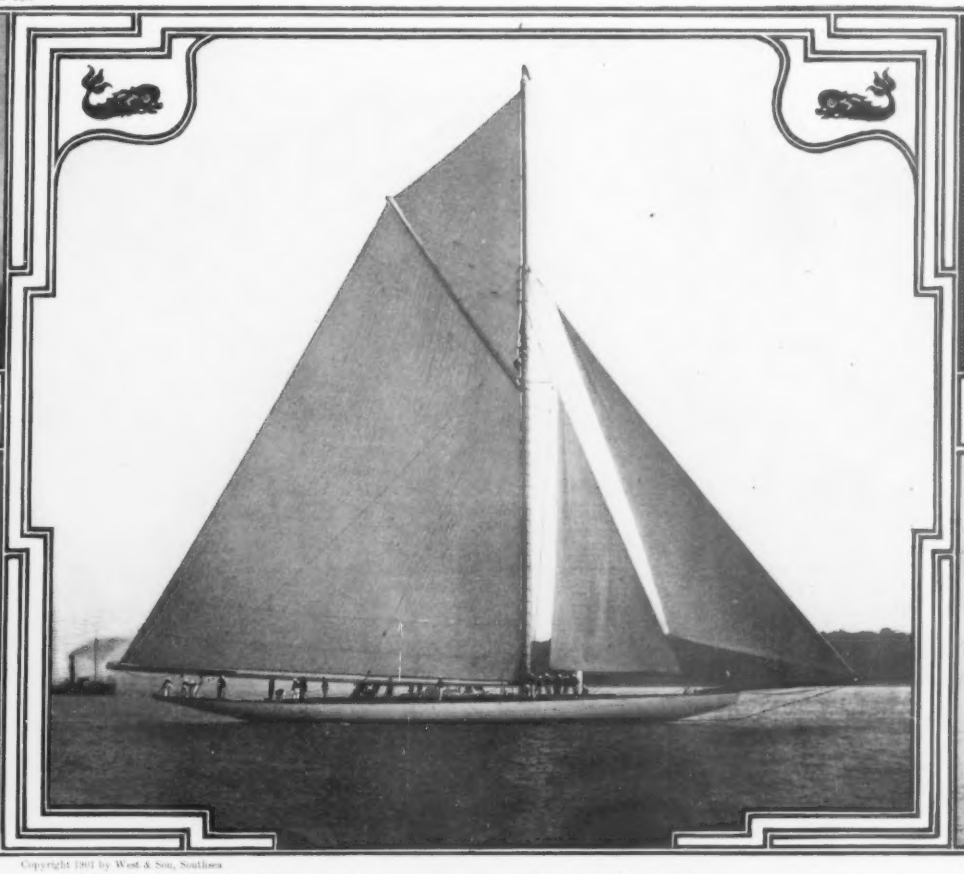

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"SHAMROCK II."—TAKEN DURING HER LAST TRIAL WITH "SHAMROCK I."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

Nothing could be kinder than Sir Thomas Lipton's welcome to the representative of "Collier's Weekly," who invited him to give our readers some clew to the hopes, the fears and expectations passing in his mind about his second plucky attempt to lift the Cup. *Shamrock II.* was half way across the Atlantic when Sir Thomas made the frank and interesting statement which we print this week, and he himself was preparing to follow its fortunes on a distant sea. Sir Thomas had just come from a farewell audience at Marlborough House when the representative of "Collier's Weekly" saw him, and although etiquette forbade his talking freely of his interview with the King, the concluding passage of the statement may nevertheless be taken as virtually a message from Edward VII. to the people—especially the sporting people—of America. The King wants *Shamrock II.* to win, but he has one particularly graceful reason for an English victory; for that victory would mean a visit from American yachtsmen to his shores when the next competition comes.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

"THAT CUP IS still in the lap of the gods. I am often asked whether I think I shall win it. My only reply is, that I hope to win it or I should not enter the contest. I have that hope, and it is part of my sanguine nature, perhaps, that during the recent trials of the new challenger in the Clyde the hope grew at moments into an expectation. If there was certainty that I should win or that I should lose, there would be no sport. Only one thing is quite sure—that the best boat will win; and I am sportsman enough to wish that it should. If my boat is the best, well and good. I shall rejoice to bring the Cup back with me; but the next best thing to bringing it away is to leave it where it is.

"Were this contest not a thoroughly friendly one, I should not enter upon it. America knows my mind on this matter, and I know America's. Nothing could exceed the kindness shown me when last I challenged, from the time of my arrival in American waters till the time of my departure. Thousands of people came out to say good-by. I shall never forget the sight or the sound. Crowded steamers came down the river, and, as the *St. Louis* passed, Sandy Hook's battery fired two guns in farewell salutation. The American press was particularly good to me, and the Interviewer, who is rather a *bête noire* in the imagination of some of my travelling countrymen, I found a capital and a considerate enough fellow. And it is my confident opinion—an opinion I expressed on my return home—that a great number of the people of America were rather disappointed because *Shamrock I.* did not win. A greater proof than this of the hospitality of any country I do not know and cannot imagine.

AMERICAN SPORTSMANSHIP

"I do not think it necessary to reiterate my faith in the absolute fair-play of American sportsmen, or to retell here how Congress, quite independently of this particular race, has, by a special amendment of its Navigation Laws, undertaken the task—no light one—of keeping the course clear for combatants. It used to be necessary to say these things here at home. That is not an agreeable remark—not a more agreeable remark than the lady made to Disraeli the Younger, 'I spend my life in defending you.' Without saying that, I have to admit that when I first entered my challenge, many of my friends asked me whether I was sure of a fair field and no favor. Well, I was sure; and I told them so with an emphasis that rather startled some of them. Now, nobody even asks me the foolish question. That is something gained by the race of two years ago and by the race which is about to be run. If I do not bring back the Cup, I do something much better—add to the right understanding and the consequent goodwill between the sport-loving public on one side of the Atlantic and their colleagues on the other.

"SHAMROCK II." IS A GOOD BOAT

"Turning to the future, I have no reason to think that the circumstances of the second race will be any less congenial than those of the first. On the contrary, I believe that the American people and myself were never on kinder terms than we are now. I speak, at any rate, for myself. September 21 will see the first of the five races that are to decide which is the better boat. Why, as a citizen and a cosmopolitan, I await that decision with equanimity has been already told. Why, as a sportsman, I equally await it with confidence is, of course, a far more problematic affair. *Shamrock II.* is, however, in my opinion, a better boat than *Shamrock I.* Mr. Watson has spent more time over her. Day and night, so to say, for the last eighteen months, he has put his best work into her, aided by Mr. Fife. They have benefitted by their bygone experiences. The result is that I have now a better boat than ever; and I could not have a better crew. When I said good-by to them before they set sail across the Atlantic the other day I told them to their faces what I thought of them—that they are the finest set of men our country can produce. I told them, too, that if any favor was shown, it would not be to their disadvantage. They are full of hopes for success; and they have, besides, in that event, certain substantial expectations. Mr. Watson, too, promised them a reward; and their confidence in the winning powers of the boat is shown by the request they made that the money should be put upon the races.

"The two years elapsed since the last attempt and failure have brought other things besides experience. One regret goes with me into this renewed contest—the absence of Lord Russell of Killowen, who was engaged at the date of the last race—or he would have been with me—in settling peacefully the vexed question of Venezuela. He by his work and I by my play, as I flattered myself, were both conducing to the same great end—a better and closer comradeship between the two nations. That double interest of the keen patriot and the keen sportsman, which the race excited in him, is here to inspirit us no more. His son, the Hon. Charles Russell, will, however, be with me now as then. Lady Russell of Killowen christened *Shamrock I.*, and the Countess of Dufferin gracefully performed the same ceremony for *Shamrock II.* Lord Dufferin is still president of the Ulster Yacht Club—that Ulster from which my own family springs and which has given a McKinley to the White House. It is the flag of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club which *Shamrock* flies; and on that flag is the Red Hand of Ulster—an inspiriting sign. According to the old legend, there was a race at sea for supremacy, and he who first touched shore was to be king. O'Neill was behind, but he touched shore first, by a grewsome device. Seeing his rival ahead, he chopped off his own hand, flung it ashore, and so won the crown. The moral is that in this, as in everything worth the doing, he who would win must be thorough in his struggle for victory. All things must be subservient to that desired end.

"Nobody has ever accused me of half-heartedness in any enterprise of mine; and, of all my enterprises, this, perhaps, is the one which stands first. I have done my utmost to get a good boat and a good crew; and when I reach New York, a month ahead of the race, I shall give all my time and thought to getting the boat into the best condition. I shall force my tongue to say 'No' where it would prefer to frame a 'Yes' to all allurements on land until I have settled this great event on the water. Yet I can sincerely say again, what I said before: I shall emerge from this contest unmanned—I shall have at least that advantage over King O'Neill. Indeed, I often feel that I am in the almost invidiously favorable position expressed by the formula, 'Heads I win, Tails you lose.' For this is a contest and these are foes where victory is glorious and defeat not a disgrace.

A MESSAGE FROM THE KING

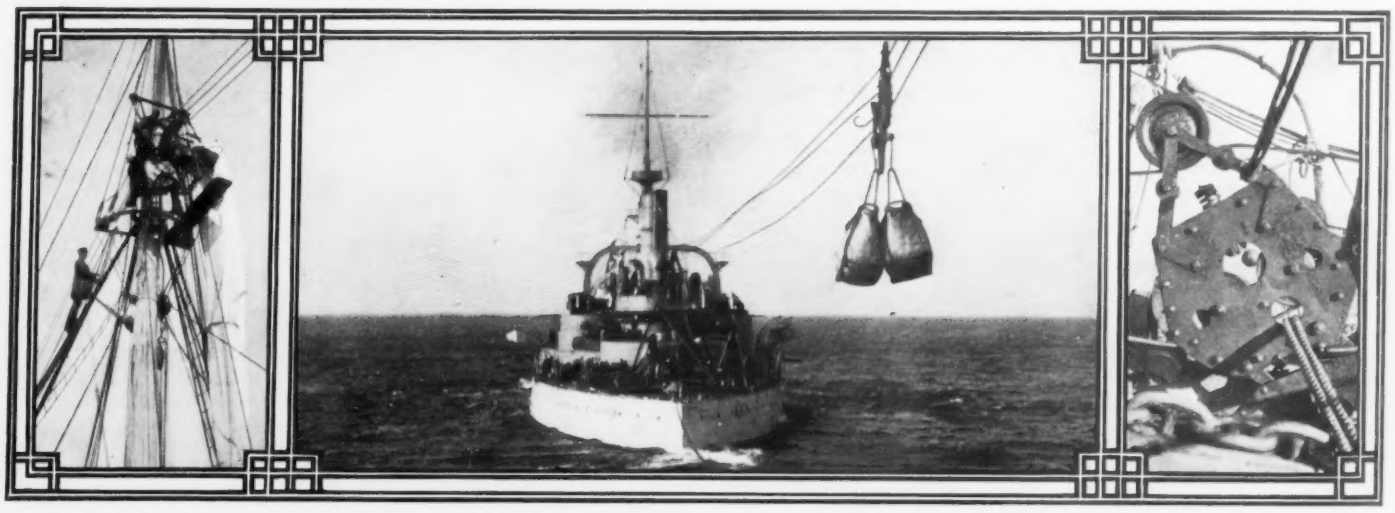
"With my last interview with King Edward still uppermost in my mind, I may be allowed to say that nobody takes a greater interest in this race of ours than Edward VII., and that the American nation has no greater admirer than he. His interest in all that concerns the Cup has been shown by his visits to my boats at various stages; to the first while she was still on the stocks, to the second in that trial spin which—well, was a trial and a spin of a kind we did not want. That he wishes good luck to *Shamrock II.* on patriotic grounds is only natural. But if I may make a guess at another motive for his Majesty's desire that she may win, it would be this: Her victory would mean the return visit of American boats to our shores, and a Royal welcome to American yachtsmen."

DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA

RIFLING THE BAGGAGE OF OCEAN TRAVELLERS

Home-coming Americans are making noisy and numerous complaints against the high-handed methods of customs officials. In the effort to run down professional smugglers, innocent tourists are obliged to submit to an inquisitorial process unequalled in thoroughness even in Russia. Paul Prys of the Treasury rifle the baggage of incoming passengers with the recklessness of burglars ransacking a house. Trunks and bags are practically turned upside-down, cameras are dissected, umbrellas are opened, all in the attempt to find diamonds, laces, or other things dutiable. Sex or high estate count for naught. Rude official hands are thrust into the mysteries of the trousseau, and the effects of personages naturally above suspicion are exposed to vulgar gaze. For gone are the easy days when a greenback was supposed to buy the magic chalk-mark of the Inspector for a trunk unopened. This summer, word passed down the line that the acceptance of a "tip" would let loose the blade of the official guillotine, and thus chalk-marks have not been for sale.

COALING BATTLESHIPS AT SEA



COAL-BAGS AT THE MASTHEAD — PASSING COAL IN SACKS FROM THE COLLIER TO THE BATTLESHIP — THE CARRIAGE PULLEY

BRITISH naval engineers are about to demonstrate that war-vessels can be coaled at sea while travelling at the rate of ten knots an hour. At the official trial of an apparatus for the purpose, which the government has ordered to take place in the English Channel early in September, it is expected that forty tons an hour will be transferred from a collier to a battleship—the former vessel, of course, being towed by the latter. If the trial is a success, the problem that has vexed the navies of the world ever since steam was introduced will have been satisfactorily solved. The device upon which the engineers are basing their expectations is an overhead cableway, the invention of an American.

The first successful contrivance of the kind was adopted by the United States Navy a year and a half ago. This was an overhead cableway submitted to the Navy Department by Spencer Miller, a young New York engineer. His apparatus was rigged up on the battleship *Massachusetts*, which then put to sea for the test. The warship was followed, of course, by a collier, the *Marcellus*. Then the *Massachusetts* took the collier in tow, and, proceeding at a speed of six knots, more than twenty tons of coal were transported from the collier to the bunkers of the battleship. The test was so successful that Secretary Long at once ordered several ships equipped with the Miller apparatus. COLLIER'S WEEKLY at the time presented the official pictures and report of the trial, from photographers and correspondents aboard both warship and coaling barge.

Since then, this device for coaling at sea has been so improved that all the naval powers are considering the advisability of making it a part of the equipment of their ships-of-war. The Russian Government has ordered the cableway for its new battleship, the *Retvizan*, now building at Cramps' shipyard, at Philadelphia. The Italian and French Governments are also equipping their new war-vessels the same way.

Until recently, the towing vessel had to carry on her after-deck a pair of shears and a canvas chute down which the bags of coal dropped, on the same plan that letters drop through a mail chute. This unwieldy method, however, has been supplanted by one which is much more effective. To the warship the winches which operate the cableway are now transferred; and when the load of bags reaches a point in transit directly over the after-deck of the receiving vessel all the cables are pulled down to the deck, the loaded bags deposited, the empties hooked on, and the cables again tautened.

The advantages of having the operating machinery on the ship that is receiving the fuel are numerous and obvious. The most important gain in this respect is that the receiving vessel is able to control the entire apparatus. Taking his place in the military-top, for instance, the engineer can see the bags of coal during every second of their transit.

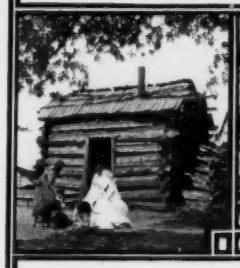
For two ships to come alongside of each other at sea is at any time a hazardous undertaking. The overhead cableway does away with the necessity of any such risk.

MAKING CITIZENS OF THREE THOUSAND INDIANS

TEPEES ON THE KIOWA RESERVATION

AN INDIAN CITIZEN AND HIS FAMILY

INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE WASHITA



MODEL INDIAN HOME

A COMANCHE BELLE

WITH the recent creation of a new Territory—a slice of Oklahoma—three thousand Indians became citizens. These new voters belonged to the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, and Washita tribes. On the day these redskins were made palefaces, August 1, one hundred thousand persons settled in the new territory—all between sunrise and sunset. When their allotments were given to them three months before, the Indians were in reality naturalized citizens. But the redmen would not recognize their own citizenship until the ceremony of changing into palefaces had been performed according to their own frontier notions. So five hundred braves, representing all the tribes, gathered on the reservation and "whooped 'em up." Wild Horse, a civilized but bad Indian, led the mad dance. They danced as at their own funeral; for after these rites they would be palefaces forever, and would have to give up their own happy hunting-grounds for the white man's heaven. Between fires they danced, leaping among the flames without so much as a singed hair, thus typifying their transition to the domain of voters. For days, the Indian agent had to be on the lookout for fights, for the redskins had their own ideas of the best location for claims, and several at a time had the same ideas—all same palefaces. At last, Quanah Parker, a former Comanche chief, was chosen as a referee and legal adviser. And as Chief Parker now controls the three thousand votes of the new citizens, the white politicians of the new Territory are showing him every courtesy and consideration.

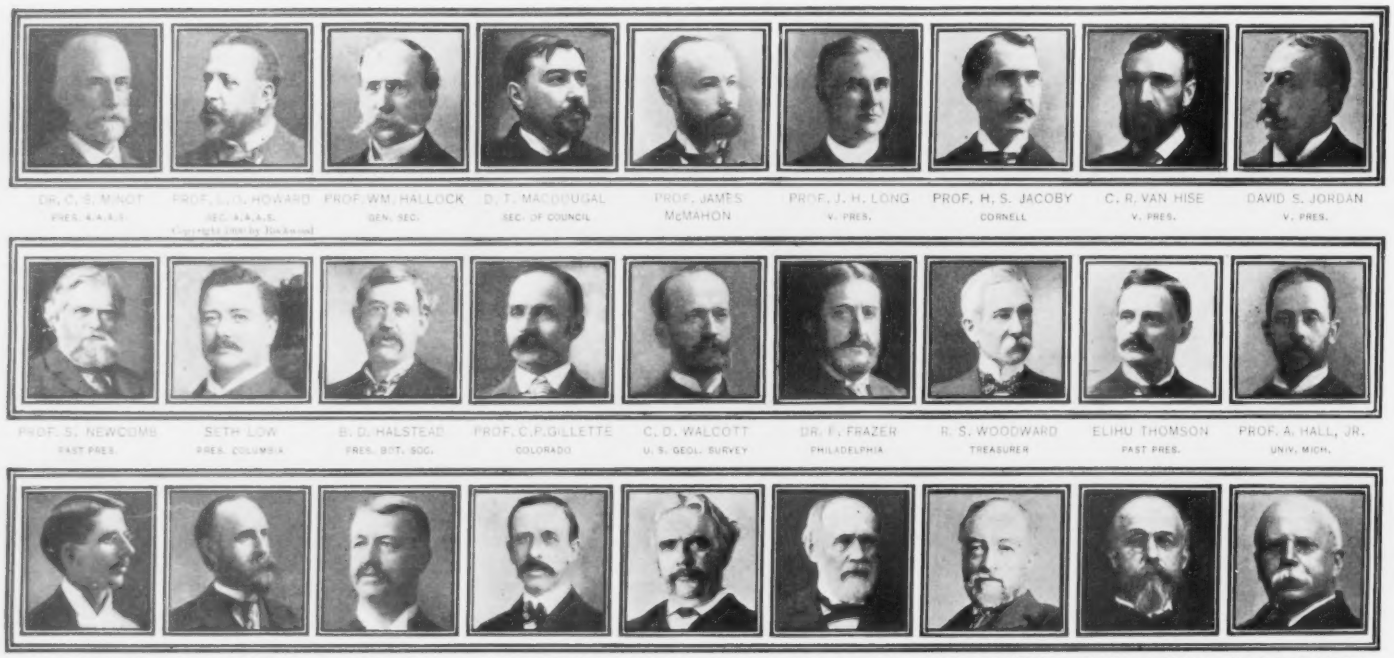
WILD HORSE

JACK GERONIMO

CHILDREN OF THE KIOWA AND COMANCHE TRIBES

TYPICAL FULL-BLOODED SQUAWS OF THE KIOWA NATION

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE



TWO GREAT SUMMER CONVENTIONS

FIFTIETH MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

AT THE FIFTIETH ANNUAL MEETING of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and affiliated societies at Denver, August 24 to 31 inclusive, three thousand members, eminent in their respective researches, and thousands interested in progress, will gather in many daily sessions. In Russia the Czar, in Germany the Emperor, and in England the King, would open such a congress. In America, the high duty devolves upon the Governor of the State, and in this instance the honor falls upon the Hon. James B. Orman, the Executive of Colorado. Some of the greatest discoveries in science are reserved for announcement at the annual meetings of this Association. Thus, in 1880, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, at Boston, announced his discovery of the principles of the telephone, and gave a physical demonstration with wires and instruments similar to those which have since come into common use. At such meetings, the late Prof. Edward D. Cope of the University of Pennsylvania, and the late Prof. Othniel C. Marsh of Yale, announced the discoveries of the remains of many extinct species; the late Professors Newberry of Columbia, Orton of Ohio, Dawson and Hunt of Canada, Leidy of Philadelphia, and Hall of New York, announced their most remarkable discoveries in geology and paleontology; Hayden told of the notable work of the United States Geological Survey, of which he was for many years director; Prof. Joseph Henry, principal founder of the Smithsonian Institution made his great announcements in physics; and Prof. Spencer F. Baird, principal founder of the National Museum and United States Fish Commission, related his discoveries of new species of birds and fishes.

Mourned as pioneer members who made creative science sublime are the names of Louis Agassiz and Asa Gray, both foes of the theory of evolution. The son of the former, however, Prof. Alexander Agassiz, head of the Cambridge Institute of Comparative Zoology and an ardent evolutionist, has surpassed his distinguished parent as a discoverer, and has enriched the Association and science with his voluminous additions to knowledge of deep-sea life. Gray has been succeeded as an authority on botany by Dr. Nathaniel L. Britton, director of the New York Botanical Garden. Cope and Marsh have a group of successors. Among these, Prof. Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park, has taken Marsh's office as government paleontologist, and has won recognition as an authority on dinosaurs and extinct mammals. Prof. S. W. Williston, of the University of Kansas, has succeeded Cope as an authority on mosasaurs.

TWENTY-EIGHTH TRIENNIAL MEETING OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF AMERICA

ONCE IN THREE YEARS the white-plumed Knights of America gather at some favored city and pitch their thousand and one tents in a square of long rows of streets, in the centre of which is usually a huge circus tent where are held the grand secret councils. On the present occasion (August 27) Louisville is the place of the marshalled hosts, tens of thousands strong.

Notwithstanding the proximity of Frankfort and its many brands of Bourbon, which have made Kentucky famous, the Grand Commandery of California will, as usual, bring its special train of wines with which to tempt the scornful natives from their favorite beverage. Notwithstanding, also, the proximity of the Blue Grass region and its world-famed stock of running thoroughbreds, many commanderies will bring their own horses and try to show Kentucky the real thing in horseflesh and horsemanship. Every commandery will also bring its own band to drown out the gorgeously arrayed bands of Louisville, chartered especially to give a musical, if not vociferous, welcome. But Louisville has drained the whole State of pretty girls, and therein lies the real danger to the Knights, no matter how many ladies accompany them, for Kentucky girls are built for worship, and many a plume will be lowered before them.

Louisville has raised $100,000 for the present grand display, and will vie with the Pan Exposition and make Buffalo envious. In the decoration and illumination of the city alone, $50,000 has been spent, and a quadruple electric arch has been erected on Broadway at Fourth Street eighty-two feet high, illuminated by five thousand 16-candle-power lights. A floral square has been constructed on the big square in front of the Jefferson County Court House (and jail), with two projecting floral arches over the street.

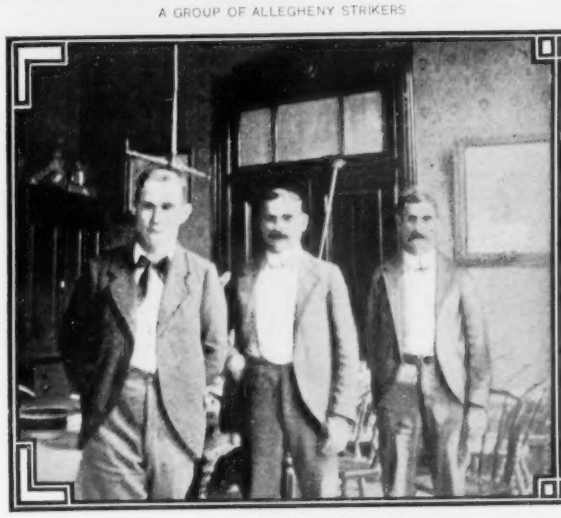
The Grand Commandery of Kentucky will be housed in the Custom House and dispense true native hospitality at seven grand entertainments. All the public buildings have been converted into headquarters of some kind, and the City Hall into an electric palace. An escort of seven hundred local Knights will meet all outside commanderies at the railway stations and musically conduct them to their headquarters. A procession of thirty thousand Knights with one hundred and twenty-five bands will parade the prominent thoroughfares. Competitive drills by sixteen crack infantry and mounted commanderies—the first since the San Francisco Conclave of 1883—will be held for five silver trophies to the value of $5,000.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF AMERICA WHO WILL BE PRESENT AT THE LOUISVILLE CONVENTION

A GROUP OF ALLEGHENY STRIKERS

SAMUEL GOMPERS

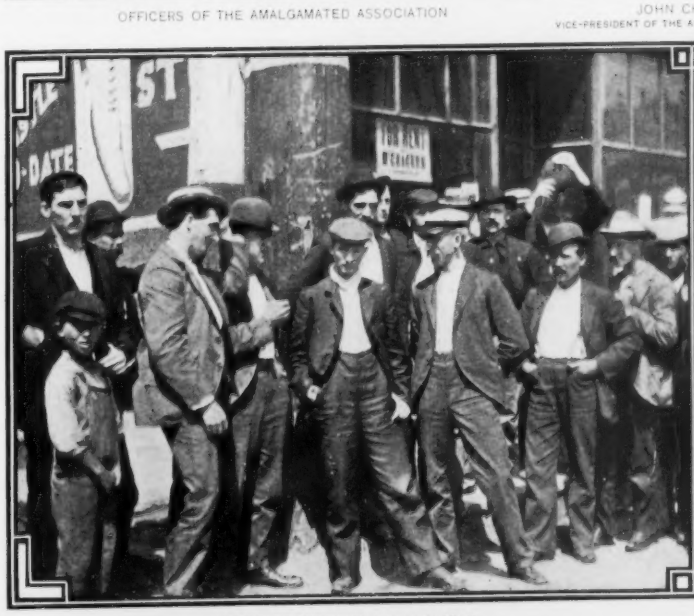
JUVENILE STRIKERS



OFFICERS OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION

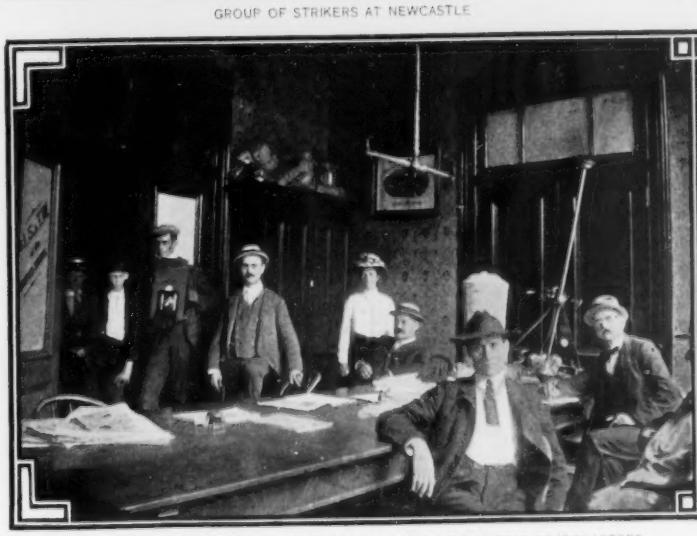
JOHN CHAPPELL
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION

ALLEGHENY NON-UNION MEN



GROUP OF STRIKERS AT NEWCASTLE

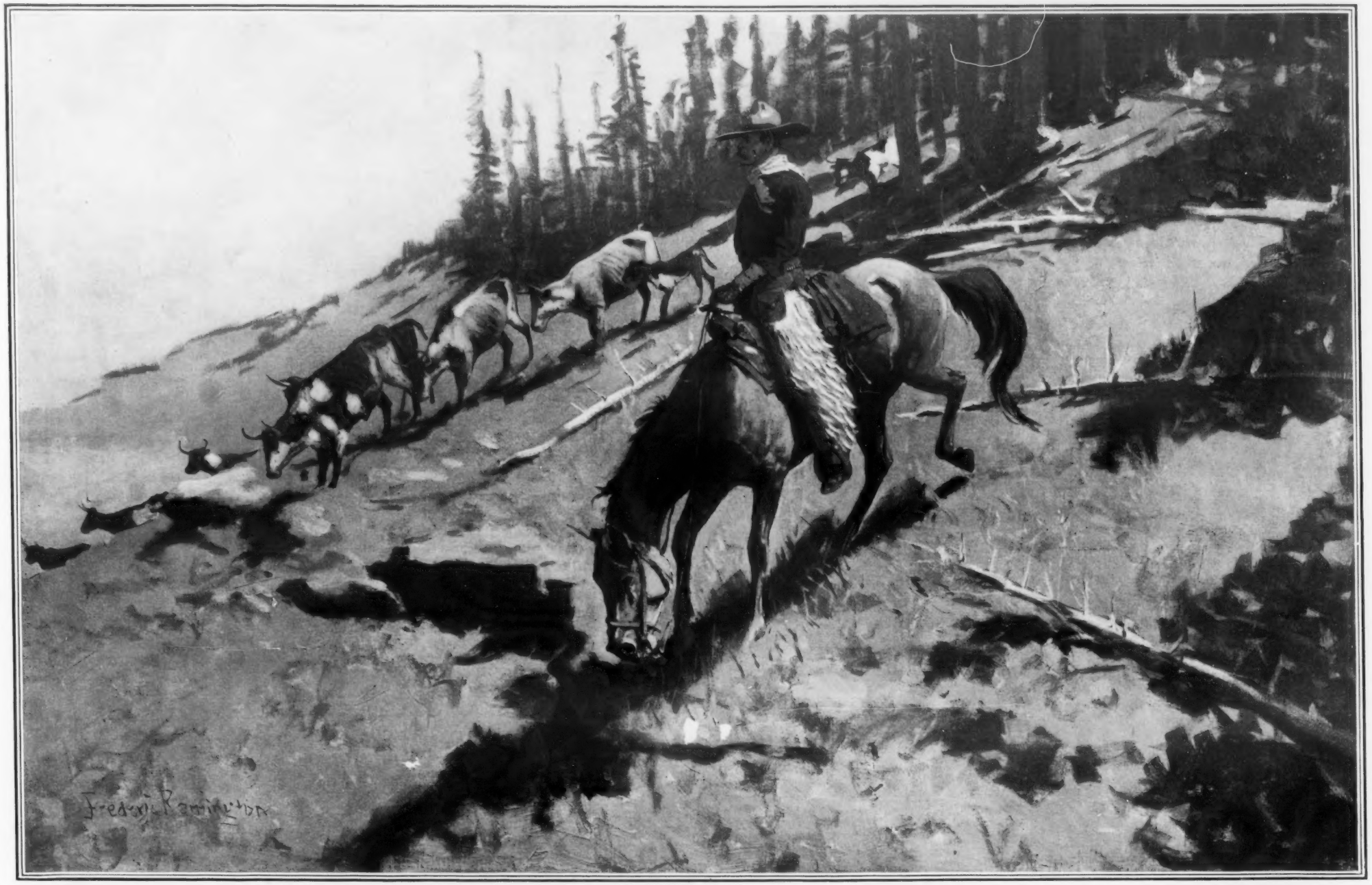
WATCHING THE BULLETINS



NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT THE AMALGAMATED ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS

OFFICER BREEN ON GUARD AT THE CLARK MILLS

AMONG THE STRIKING STEEL AND IRON WORKERS



LIFE IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY—DRIVING THE "ROUND UP"

THE HALF-WILD CATTLE SEEM TO SEEK THE MOST INACCESSIBLE PLACES IN THE "BUTTES," BUT THE COWBOYS WHO ARE GATHERING THE "BUNCHES" FOR THE "ROUND UP" PURSUE THEM AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY DRIVE THEM TO THE APPOINTED PLACE. THERE IS NO HILL SO STEEP OR SO DANGEROUS THAT THE PONY CANNOT FOLLOW THE NIMBLE STEER

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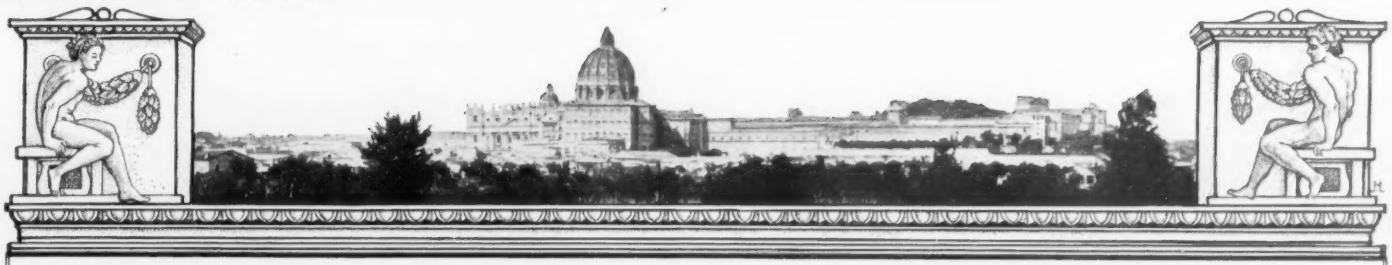


THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE

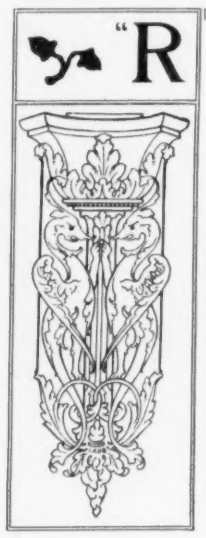
Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, exiled from Italy for conspiring against the government, adopts a boy compatriot, afterward proscribed as an abettor of the Prince and eventually known in Rome as David Rossi, the anarchist leader. Roma, the Prince's daughter, now resides there too, under the tutelage of Baron Bonnino, Italy's Prime Minister. The intimate relations with which gossip credits them being alluded to in a public speech by Rossi, an intrigue is consequently, with Bonnino's co-operation, set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi, persuaded he has made a mistake, offers Roma amends. She ceases to wish for revenge, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. The Baron, learning of this, and becoming still more embittered against his rival in love and politics, treacherously orders his arrest in connection with a popular demonstration against the government. But Rossi escapes to England, after a secret church marriage with Roma. Tortured by conscience, in a letter to David she makes a half-avowal of her former intimacy with Bonnino. Rossi's reply is reassuring, whereupon Roma tells him all. Meanwhile, Bruno Rocco, a disciple of Rossi, has been tricked into signing an alleged confession, to enable Bonnino to secure Rossi's conviction as a conspirator. Being put on trial, Rocco retracts his confession, denounces Bonnino, and then commits suicide by taking poison. Roma, who has had no word from David Rossi since her avowal, is now summoned to an audience with the Pope, who persuades her to denounce Rossi, on the King's promise to pardon him after conviction. Rossi is arrested, but escapes from the police. Bonnino tries to coerce Roma into consenting to marry him. Rossi appears, shoots Bonnino, and then claims "sanctuary" at the Vatican. Roma assumes the responsibility for Bonnino's death, and is tried and condemned to life imprisonment. The Pope visits her in response to her request to be received into the Church.

IV



"RISE, MY CHILD! God knows if the Holy Father ought to give you his blessing. She who commits a crime which involves the lives and happiness of others is a criminal twice told. Far be it from me to add bitterness to your remorse in finding yourself in this place, and guilty of this sin. Are you alone?"

"Quite alone, Holy Father."

"Sit down. The Holy Father will sit beside you."

The Pope sat beside Roma. He was trying to be severe with her. It was very difficult. His hand strayed down to his side and took hold of hers. At every hard word there was a tender pressure.

"My child, the present hour is dark and the future is more menacing still. Civil society is shaken to its foundation and God alone can say what is going to happen. But the Lord's hand is in the whirlwind and He will bring out all things well. Only one thing He cannot do—even God cannot bring back the past, and a crime that has been committed. . . . Be calm, my daughter, be calm!"

Roma was perfectly calm, but the Pope could scarcely control himself.

"My child, I see now that we made a mistake. The conspiracies of David Rossi were not criminal, and his aims were not unrighteous. I have been instructed on that subject, and now I see everything in a different light. All you said about your husband was true. He is no atheist and no anarchist, but a true Christian, a lover of humanity. And though mankind may never attain to his grand ideals, it can and ought to aim at them. Yes, a great mistake, my child, although a natural and perhaps excusable one, and if it had not been for this terrible event . . . but there, there, we will not talk of it."

He patted the hand that lay under his own as if he had been quieting a crying child.

"Although you have done so wrong, your courage and patience have touched all our hearts, my daughter, and but for the act of a moment, what might not be possible even yet! Even the past of your poor unhappy life might be wiped out as Mary wiped out her sins with the tears with which she washed her Master's feet. And now that Governments are falling and thrones are tottering and David Rossi may come back . . ."

Roma made a cry of joy. The Pope paused and raised a warning finger.

"Ah, you must never think of that, my daughter—*you* must never think of it. Your temptation was terrible, and God in His wisdom has used your act to awaken the conscience of the world. But when a woman is guilty of a crime, an awful crime which shuts the guilty one out of the fold of the human family, she must never . . . but far be it from me to add one pang to the pain of your position, my child. Yet David Rossi might be kept free from stigma, and his name must be clear and unblemished."

Roma felt dizzy with the sense of the Pope's error. "He must never know," she thought.

"It is a pity. Yes, a great pity; but alas! it cannot be otherwise. You can never rejoin your husband. Your crime stands between you now. . . But I came on a different errand, my child. Are you quite ready?"

"Quite, your Holiness," said Roma, and the Pope prepared to receive her into the Church.

He put questions in order to satisfy himself that during her residence in the convent she had been sufficiently instructed, and then called upon her to make a conditional confession.

"Repeat the words after me, my child."

She knelt at his feet and put her hands together.

"'Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry that I have ever offended Thee . . .'"

"'Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry that I have ever offended Thee . . .'"

"'Because Thou art so good, because Thou hast been so good to me, and because Thou hast saved me from hell . . .'"

"'Because Thou art so good, because Thou hast been so good to me, and because Thou hast saved me from hell . . .'"

"'And by Thy grace I will never offend Thee any more.'"

"'And by Thy grace I will never offend Thee any more.'"

Then she repeated in like manner the Profession of Faith, and, this being done, he baptized her conditionally. She was very humble and devout. After the Sacrament he said:

"Baptism wipes out all your sins, my daughter, but if for your soul's comfort you wish to make a full confession before I give you the Blessed Sacrament . . ."

"Will it be under the seal, your Holiness?"

The Pope bowed. "You are now a child of the Church, and whatever you say now it will be sacred."

"Then I could wish to confess, your Holiness. I have wished it ever since the end of my trial, and perhaps that was why I sent for Father Pifferi."

"Go on, but take care—accuse nobody else, my daughter."

The Pope closed his eyes and prepared to listen. Roma continued to kneel at his feet. She said the Confiteor and then began her particular confession:

"Father, I have been a great sinner, and when I said in Court that I had killed the Minister I told a falsehood to protect another."

"My child!" The Pope had risen to his feet.

There was a moment of ghastly silence. Then the Pope sat down with rigid limbs and said in a husky voice, "Go on."

Roma went on with her confession. She spoke of her intention to kill the Minister, after he had forced her to denounce her husband. She spoke of her preparations for killing him. She spoke of the night of the crime, and of the moment when she was setting out on her terrible errand.

"But he came to me in my rooms at the very moment . . ."

"In . . . in your rooms?"

"Yes, and that was really the cause of everything."

"How . . ."

"Somebody else came afterward."

"Somebody . . ."

"A friend."

"A . . . friend?"

She put her hand in her breast and drew out the warrant.

"This one," she said.

The Pope took the paper. It rustled as he opened it. There was no other sound except that of his rasping breathing.

"You do not mean to say . . . to imply . . ."

The Pope's eyes wandered vacantly about the room, but they came back to the face at his feet and he said:

"No, no! You cannot mean that, my child. Tell me I have misunderstood you and come to a wrong conclusion."

Roma touched the Pope's cassock. "Forgive me, Holy Father. I couldn't die with a lie on my lips, but I intended to confess to Father Pifferi, and so . . ."

The Pope rose again, and, standing over Roma, he laid hold of her by the shoulders. "Deny it!" he cried. "I command you to deny it! You want me to believe that it was he, not you, who committed the crime! That he is a murderer—an assassin!"

He pushed her from him, and she fell back with her hands covering her face. Then he passed his arm over his eyes as if to brush away the clouds that had gathered there, and muttered in a broken and feeble voice, "O God! Thou knowest my foolishness! I am poor and needy. Make haste unto me, O God! Hide not Thy face from Thy servant, for I am in trouble."

Roma was crying, and after a moment he became aware of it. "My child! My poor child! You must bear with me. I am an old man now. Only a weak old man, and to tell you the truth I've known much trouble."

She rose to her knees and kissed his trembling hand. He was still holding the warrant.

"Where did this come from?" he asked.

"The English Ambassador brought it this morning. He had found it in our rooms in the Piazza Navona."

"I remember now. 'I flung it at the feet of my betrayer,' he said. But my brain is confused. Things run together in it. In your own rooms, you say?"

"Yes; for it was there, and not in the Minister's cabinet, as the police pretended, that it all took place."

"My child, you must allow me to keep this paper."

Roma rose in great alarm. "You will not think of giving it to the authorities?" she said. "That was what the Ambassador wished to do, but I told him if he brought it as proof against another person I should deny everything. Besides, Holy Father, what I have told you this time has been under the seal of the confessional, and you cannot reveal it to any one."

The Pope did not seem to hear. "Lord, Lord," he murmured, "let me eat ashes for bread and mingle my drink with weeping."

"And then, Holy Father, there is something I have not told you. He who killed the Minister did so in self-defence. His act was an accident, but if it had not happened the Minister would have killed him."

She had knelt again and was fingering the skirt of the Pope's cassock.

"I am the only one who is really guilty of the crime, because I intended to commit it. But if his hand was the instrument and I am to suffer I shall think of it as an atonement. After all, I betrayed him, and though I did it from love and not from hate the consequences are the same and he is broken-hearted."

The Pope's white head was bent very low.

"And then, I cannot suffer very much, you know. I am ill—really ill—and my trouble will not last very long."

Her big beautiful eyes were shining.

"And if, as you say, God is using what has happened to bring out all things, perhaps He means me to give myself in the place of some one who is better and nobler and more necessary."

Her lip quivered, her voice shook, and she brushed away a tear.

"I dreamed about it last night, Holy Father. I thought my husband had come back to Rome and all the bells were ringing. Only a dream, and perhaps you don't believe in such foolishness. But it was so sweet to think that if I couldn't live for my husband at least I could die for him and so wipe out everything."

The Pope could bear no more.

"It is not for me to gainsay you, my daughter. I came here to see Mary Magdalene, and I find the soul of the Mother of God herself."

"Bless me, Holy Father."

"I bless you, my child. But an old man who has blessed many needs your own blessing now."

V

DAVID ROSSI sat all day in his room in the Vatican reading the letters the Pope had left with him. They were the letters which Roma had addressed to him in London, Paris, and Berlin.

He read the letters again and again, and save for the tick of the clock there was no sound in the large gaunt room but his stifled groans. The most violently opposed feelings possessed him and he hardly knew whether he was glad or sorry that thus late, and after a cruel fate had fallen, these messages of peace had reached him.

A spirit seemed to emanate from the thin transparent sheets of paper and it penetrated his whole being. As he read the words, now gay, now sad, now glowing with joy, now wailing with sorrow, a world of fond and tender emotions swelled up and blotted out all darker passions.

He could see Roma herself, and his heart throbbed as of old under the influence of her sweet, indescribable presence. Those dear features, those marvellous eyes, that voice, that smile—they swam up and tortured him with love and with remorse.

How bravely she had withstood his enemies! To think of that young, ardent, brilliant, happy life sacrificed to his sufferings! And then her poor, pathetic secret—how sweet and honest she had been about it! Only a pure and courageous woman could have done as she did; while he, in his blundering passions and mad wrath, had behaved like a foul-minded tyrant and a coward. What loud protestations of heroic love he had made when he imagined the matter belonged to another man. And when he had learned that it concerned himself, how his vaunted constancy had failed him and he had cursed the poor soul whose confidence he had invited.

But above all the pangs of love and remorse Rossi was conscious of an overpowering despair. It took the form of revolt against God who had allowed such a blind and cruel sequence of events to wreck the lives of two of His innocent children. When he took refuge in the Vatican he must have

TROUT-FISHING IN T

DRAWN BY W. IAN V

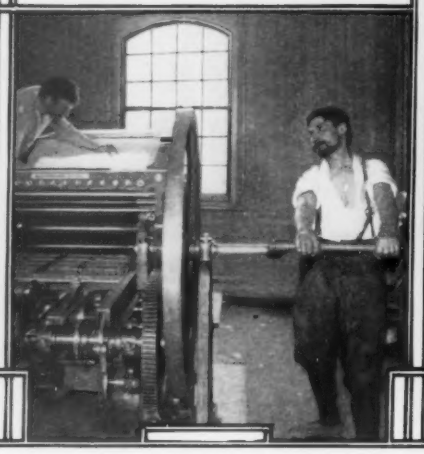
IN THE ADIRONDACKS

BY W. ANVILLE SMITH

COMPOSING ROOM WHERE THE TYPE IS SET FOR THE RUSSIAN SOCIALISTIC PAMPHLETS

COUNT TOLSTOI AND HIS FRIEND VLADIMIR TSCHERTKOFF

STEREOTYPING ROOM WHERE THE PLATES ARE CAST FROM WHICH THE PAMPHLETS ARE PRINTED



PRESS ROOM WHERE THE PAMPHLETS ARE RUN OFF

TOLSTOI'S FRIENDS AND DISCIPLES IN EXILE AT CHRISTCHURCH

THE PRODUCTION OF RUSSIAN SOCIALISTIC LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.—When the Czar's Government prohibited Count Tolstoi from publishing and circulating his socialistic ideas and theories in his own country, and made life unpleasant for his followers, who had taken part in the mechanical production of the Count's pamphlets, a little band of enthusiasts emigrated to England and settled in the seaside town of Christchurch. The exiles now carry on the manufacture and provide for the distribution of all kinds of books and pamphlets dealing with those subjects with which Tolstoi has become so strongly identified. At the head of this little colony is Vladimir Tschertkoff, a nephew of Count Schuvaloff, and a relative by marriage of Count Tolstoi.

---

been clinging to some waif and stray of hope. It was gone now, and there was no use struggling. The nothingness of man against the pitilessness of fate made all the world a blank.

Rossi had rung the bell to ask for an audience with His Holiness when the door opened and the Pope himself entered.

"Holy Father, I wished to speak to you."

"What about, my son?"

"Myself. Now I see that I did wrong to ask for your protection. You thought I was innocent, and there was something I did not tell you. When I said I was guilty before God and man you did not understand what I meant. Holy Father, I meant that I had committed murder."

The Pope did not answer, and Rossi went on, his voice ringing with the baleful sentiments which possessed him.

"To tell you the truth, Holy Father, I hardly thought of it myself. What I had done was partly in self-defence and I did not consider it a crime. And then he whose life I had taken was an evil man, with the devil's dues in him, and I felt no more remorse after killing him than if I had trodden on a poisonous adder. But now I see things differently. In coming here I exposed you to danger at the hands of the State. I ask your pardon and beg you to let me go."

"Where will you go to?"

"Anywhere—nowhere—I don't know yet."

The Pope looked at the young face, cut deep with lines of despair, and his heart yearned over it.

"Sit down, my son. Let us think. Though you did not tell me of the assassination I soon knew all about it. . . . Partly in self-defence, you say?"

"That is so, but I do not urge it as an excuse. And if I did who else knows anything about it?"

"Is there nobody who knows?"

"One, perhaps. But it is my wife, and she could have no interest in saving me now even if I wanted to be saved. . . . I have read her letters."

"If I were to tell you it is not so, my son—that your wife is still ready to sacrifice herself for your safety . . ."

"But that is impossible, your Holiness. There are so many things you do not know."

"If I were to tell you that I have just seen her, and notwithstanding your want of faith in her she still has faith in you . . ."

The deep lines of despair began to pass from Rossi's face and he made a cry of joy.

"If I were to say she loves you and would give her life for you . . ."

"Is it possible?" he said. "Do you tell me that in spite of everything? And she—where is she? Let me go to her. Holy Father, if you only knew! I'll go and beg her pardon. I cursed her! It's true. In my blind, mad passion I . . . But let me go back to her on my knees. The rest of my life spent at her feet will not be enough to wipe out my fault."

"Stay, my son. You shall see her presently."

"Can it be possible that I shall see her? I thought I should never see her again, but I counted without God. Ah, God is good after all. And you, Holy Father, you are good too. I will beg her forgiveness and she will forgive me. Then we'll fly away somewhere—we'll escape to America, India, anywhere. We'll snatch a few years of happiness, and what more has anybody a right to expect in this miserable world?"

Exalted in the light of his imaginary future, he seemed to forget everything else—his crime, his work, his people.

"Is she at home still?"

"She is only a few paces from this place, my son."

"Only a few paces! Oh, let me not lose a moment more. Where is she?"

"In the Castle of St. Angelo," said the Pope.

A dark cloud crossed Rossi's beaming face and his mouth opened as if to emit a startled cry.

"In . . . in prison?"

The Pope bowed.

"What for?"

"The assassination of the Minister."

"Roma? . . . But what a fool I was not to think of it as a thing that might happen! I left her with the dead man. Who was to believe her when she denied that she had killed him?"

"She did not deny it. She avowed it."

"Avowed it? She said that she had . . ."

The Pope bowed again.

"Then . . . then it was . . . Was it to shield me?"

"Yes."

Rossi's eyes grew moist. He was like another man.

"But the court . . . surely no court will believe her."

"She has been tried and sentenced, my son."

"Sentenced? Do you say sentenced? For a crime she did not commit? And to shield me? Holy Father, would you believe that the last words I spoke to that woman . . . but she is an angel. The authorities must be mad, though. Did nobody think of me? Didn't it occur to any one that I had been there that night?"

"There was only once piece of evidence connecting you with the scene of the crime, my son. It was this."

The Pope drew from his breast the warrant he had taken from Roma.

"She had it?"

"Yes."

Rossi's emotions whirled within him in a kind of hurricane. The despair which had clamored so loud looked mean and contemptible in the presence of the mighty passion which had put it to shame. But after a while his swimming eyes began to shine, and he said:

"Holy Father, this paper belongs to me and you must permit me to keep it."

"What do you intend to do, my son?"

"There is only one thing to do now."

"What is that?"

"*To save her.*"

There was no need to ask how. The Pope understood, and his breast throbbed and swelled. But now that he had accomplished what he came for, now that he had awakened the sleeping soul and given it hope and faith and courage to face justice and even death if need be, the Pope became suddenly conscious of a feeling in his own heart which he struggled in vain to suppress.

"Far be it from me to excuse crime, my son, but the merciful God who employs our poor passions to His own great purposes has used your act to great ends. The world is trembling on the verge of unknown events and nobody knows what a day may bring forth. Let us wait a while . . ."

Rossi shook his head.

"It is true that a crime will be the same to-morrow as to-day, but the dead man was a tyrant, a ferocious tyrant, and if he forced you in self-defence . . ."

Again Rossi shook his head, but still the Pope struggled on:

"You have your own life to think about, my son, and who knows but in God's good service . . ."

"Let me go."

"You intend to give yourself up?"

"Yes."

The Pope could say no more. He rose to his feet. His saintly face was full of a dumb yearning love and pride which his tongue might never tell. He thought of his years of dark searching, ending at length in this meeting and farewell, and an impulse came to him to clasp the young man to his swelling and throbbing breast. But after a moment, with something of his old courageous calm of voice, he said:

"I am not surprised at your decision, my son. It is worthy of your blood and name. And now that we are parting for the last time I could wish to tell you something."

David Rossi did not speak.

"I knew your mother, my son."

"My mother?"

The Pope bowed and smiled.

"She was a great soul, too, and she suffered terribly. Such are the ways of God."

Still Rossi did not speak. He was looking steadfastly into the Pope's quivering face and making an effort to control himself.

The Pope's voice shook and his lip trembled.

"Naturally you think ill of your father, knowing how much your mother suffered. Isn't that so?"

Rossi put one hand to his forehead as if to steady his reeling brain, and said, "Who am I to think ill of any one, having made my own wife suffer?"

The Pope smiled again, a timid smile.

"David . . ."

Rossi caught his breath.

"If in the providence of God you were to meet your father somewhere, and he held out his hand to you, would you . . . wherever you met and whatever he might be . . . would you *shake hands with him?*"

"Yes," said Rossi, "if we met in prison itself, and he were the lowest convict at the galleys."

The Pope fetched a long breath, took a step forward and silently held out his hand. At the next moment the young man and the old Pope were hand to hand and eye to eye.

They tried to speak and could not.

"Farewell," said the Pope, in a choking voice, and, turning away, he tottered out of the room.

VI

ALL day long the atmosphere of the Vatican had been that of a ship flying before a storm. The prelates of the household had whispered together with white and quivering faces; the Swiss and Noble Guards had exchanged hurried words at passing, and messengers had been running constantly between the apartments of the Major-domo and the office of the Maestro di Camera. A storm was on the horizon, the anxious officers were on the quarter-deck, and only the captain was below.

It was not until after Ave Maria that the Pope consented to see the Cardinal Secretary. But at length the Cardinal had sent down something like an imperative message. The matter was one of great urgency. It would admit of no further delay.

When the Cardinal Secretary entered the Pope's room his large, ungainly figure in the black soutane broidered with scarlet was less supple, his voice was less soft, and his manners were less suave and gracious than usual.

"What is it now, your Eminence?" said the Pope in a tired voice. He was sitting before the little stove, with his white soutane drawn up slightly at the ankles, warming his slippered feet at the blue flame of the wood fire.

The Cardinal Secretary explained. Since ten o'clock that morning he had been compelled to carry on, without the counsel of his Holiness, a correspondence of the utmost gravity with the civil authorities. By some means still unknown the authorities had come to know that a person against whom they had issued a warrant of arrest was being sheltered in the Vatican, and as it was a danger to public tranquillity that the man should be at large they called upon the Pope to deliver him up without delay.

"And what was your answer, your Eminence?"

"My answer was that we did not acknowledge the presence within our precincts of the person alluded to, but alternatively if we did the law or promise of the Government of Italy for the safe-guarding of the Holy See gave the Vatican the rights of a separate State, from which a political refugee could in no wise be demanded."

"And what was their reply?"

"Their reply, your Holiness, was that the Law of Guarantees by Article 17 expressly excluded from the rights of the Vatican all acts opposed to public order, and to protect an escaped prisoner was to expose the Pope to the penal laws."

"What did you say to that, your Eminence?"

"I said the Law of Guarantees, if it had any meaning, gave the Pope the rights and jurisdiction of a sovereign, and as a sovereign he could not be subject to the laws of another country."

"And then?"

"Then, your Holiness, the civil authorities sent a formal warning that if the person asked for and known to be sheltered in the Vatican were not put outside its precincts within the course of the day, they would be reluctantly constrained to send agents of the public force to compel his arrest."

"And you replied?"

"I replied that by Article 7 it was forbidden to any agent of the public force to enter the Vatican without the express authority of the sovereign Pontiff, and that the Pontiff forbade such entry and would resist it."

"And their answer to that?"

"Their answer to that . . . will your Holiness look out of his window? . . . their answer to that is a regiment of infantry from the barracks in the Borgo, and a company of artillery with a piece of cannon."

The Cardinal Secretary, utterly unable to preserve his customary suavity, was speaking in a harsh voice and moving uneasily about the room.

"Your Holiness will do me the justice to remember that I warned you. If, when this person presented himself with his insane demand for Sanctuary, your Holiness . . . but your Holiness's Allocution was the real beginning of the evil. It gave an impression of weakening which the Government has not been slow to take advantage of, and now . . ."

The Pope made an impatient gesture.

"Well, we must act immediately, your Holiness. On the approach of the military the Swiss Guard closed and barricaded the bronze gate, whereupon the Captain in command sent in word that if the door were not opened within an hour he would order his artillery to fire on it."

The Pope rose from the stove. He was aroused at last. Looking out of the window, he saw the soldiers drawn up in the Piazza. Then walking to and fro he muttered to himself in broken sentences, "O Thou in whose hands are the ends of the earth. . . . In the whirlwind of Thine awful will we are as bats flying in the darkness. . . . What am I to do now? What am I to do now?"

"If your Holiness asks me what you ought to do now, I say—nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Let them fire at the bronze gate and blow it down. That will at least show Catholics and the Catholic states the intolerable situation of the Pope and his Ministers."

"You advise resistance?"

"As much resistance as may be necessary to prove to the world that we are the victims of violence."

"And the blood that may be shed meanwhile?"

"That . . . as to that, your Holiness . . . if unhappily it should happen . . ."

"Leave me, your Eminence. Let me think. Let me think."

Some minutes passed. Outside the Pope's door there was a commotion that was noiseless but intense. Soldiers were taking up their station there with loaded revolvers and drawn swords. Inside the room there was a silent but tingling atmosphere.

The Pope had returned to the stove and was crouching over it with his white skull-cap half covered by his hands when there came from the Piazza without the loud call of a trumpet. It was the trumpet of a Delegate of Public Security. The Pope knew what it meant, and he rose to his feet. With firm steps he walked to the door and opened it. The Guards stationed there fell back in surprise.

"Gentlemen," said the Pope, "if you wish to come with me I will beg you to put up your swords."

"Your Holiness!" cried the Guards, but they obeyed.

The Pope walked through the long corridors with a straggling line of soldiers behind him. He descended the great staircase and entered the great hall. A company of Swiss Guards stood armed inside the bronze gate, which was barred with iron bolts and buttressed with wooden beams.

"Gentlemen," said the Pope, "I will ask you to unmount your bayonets and unload your rifles."

"Your Holiness!" cried the Swiss, but they obeyed him also.

"Now open this door," said the Pope.

"Your Holiness!"

"Open it!"

The bronze gate was thrown open.

The Captain in command had enough to do to keep up the courage of his men. Struggling against their traditional Italian superstition, they looked restless and unreliable. At one moment they thought they saw the Pope at his window and they appeared to be on the point of hailing with an outburst of voices. The hour of armistice seemed never-ending, the day was gone and the darkness was deepening rapidly. But at length the Delegate gave the signal and the Captain followed it with the word of command. Then the men closed up in the Colonnade of Bernini which leads to the bronze door.

It was at that instant the door opened.

"Ready!" cried the Captain, and the men gripped their arms as if preparing for an attack from the inside.

At the next moment a venerable white figure appeared in the open doorway with the light of the lamps of the colonnade on his pale worn face. It was the Pope. The rifles dropped from the men's shoulders, and they took a long breath.

"Soldiers!" said the Pope, "what have you come for? To bombard the Vatican? The door is open and you are free to enter. Why do you bring your rifles and cannon? There is nobody here to resist you except one weak old man."

The soldiers stood in speechless dismay.

"Throw down your arms, my sons."

By one impulse, without a word, the soldiers in front flung down their rifles on the steps. The Captain shouted something to his men, but only the Pope took heed of him.

"Go back to your master, sir, and tell him that from this day forward the Holy See lays down all intestine resentments that are related to political passion. No longer shall it be said that the Pontiff is a King with a court and army."

The Captain had turned about and was pushing his way through his men.

"Go back all of you and tell everybody that the Lord's injunction that the Minister of His Word should divest himself of worldly possession is to be honored at last in the history of His communion. My sons, fight for justice, for your souls fight for justice, even unto death fight for justice, and God will overthrow your enemies."

By this time all the soldiers had thrown down their arms, and the Captain had leaped to the back of a horse which stood at the end of the line and galloped away.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK)

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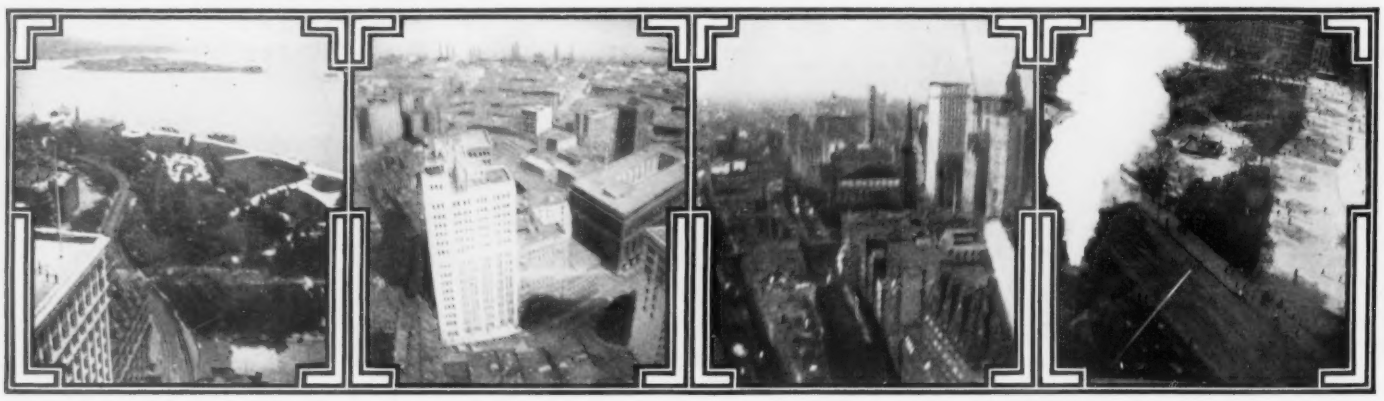

WHEN MR. WILLIAM A. EDDY a short time ago demonstrated the practicability of photographing by cameras carried and supported by kites, he made kite-flying a science. Kites had been flown for thousands of years, but as mere playthings. Two men, by taking the kite seriously, created a new instrument for the hands of the scientific investigator. Lawrence Hargrave, of New South Wales, devised the two-cell box kite, an improvement upon a Japanese idea, and thereby increased the soaring capacity of the kite and gave it considerable lifting and sustaining power.

Mr. Eddy, of Bayonne, New Jersey, added a brilliant idea of his own, an adaptation of the Malay kite. The box kites and the Eddy kites may also be combined to advantage. Kites are now used to take up thermometers and other instruments to record meteorological conditions. They are also used for signalling in war, for taking life-lines and buoys to wrecked vessels, for towing small boats, and for displaying banners and advertisements. Hundreds of kites welcomed Dewey's return from his victory in Manila Bay. The kite has even been used as a balloon for short ascensions.

The pictures above show that Mr. Eddy has passed far beyond the stage of experiment. He can now take the picture of any building or spot with a remarkable degree of accuracy. He has also arranged a contrivance for taking complete views of the horizon. For this latter work he uses a number of cameras, the shutters of which can be snapped simultaneously. Such photographic work would prove invaluable in war on land or sea.

Photographs taken from cameras slung from kites have a somewhat peculiar appearance, as buildings and scenes seem much nearer than they are, and their lines are not exact. As every one is accustomed to looking at buildings from a level, they appear strange from the point of view of the camera, several hundred or several thousand feet high.

In the above pictures, the first on the left shows the Bowling Green building from which the kites were sent up, with Mr. Eddy and his assistants on the roof; one can also see Battery Park and Governor's Island. The next picture shows the Standard Oil building in the centre, with the Produce Exchange to the right. Trinity Church shows in the third picture, with several of the neighboring "sky-scrapers" that partly conceal this beautiful landmark of old New York. The last photograph gives a veritable bird's-eye view of the City Hall Park; the white cloud on the left is steam rising from the Tribune building.

The Central American Disturbances

THE RECENT invasion of Venezuela by armed bodies of Colombian insurgents and the disturbances of traffic along the Panama Railroad have become a matter of new solicitude to our State Department at Washington. At the request of the American owners of the Panama Railroad Secretary Long of the Navy has given orders for the new battleship *Wisconsin*, the gunboats *Machias* and *Ranger*, as well as the training-ships *Alert* and *Mohican*, to proceed to southern waters. By stationing American warships with a full complement of marines at Colon and Panama, to guard both ends of the isthmus, it is apprehended that the United States Government will be in a position to avert such violations of treaty rights as called for intervention in 1885.

In that year, it will be recalled, the Colombian rebels fired the city of Aspinwall, captured Panama, and blocked all traffic across the isthmus. President Cleveland promptly despatched Rear-Admiral Jouett with the North Atlantic Squadron to Colon. Commander McCalla with another expeditionary force was sent to Panama. Marines were landed, and armored cars with Gatling and Hotchkiss guns were sent over the line. The towns of Colon, Aspinwall and Matachin were peaceably occupied, while Commander McCalla marched his marines into Panama, and, seizing the insurgents' barricades, compelled their leaders to sign an agreement to fight outside of the city.

CIPRIANO CASTRO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA

Eventually the revolutionists capitulated and tranquillity was restored along the Panama route.

The immediate occasion for intervention this time has been given by an armed band of Colombian liberals at Matachin, who stopped a train with passengers bound for New York and forcibly abducted four government officials.

There seems to be no good reason why Venezuela should be concerned in this affair were it not for the ambitious schemes of President Cipriano Castro. Castro's recent diplomatic defeat in the controversy with the United States Government over his asphalt concessions has weakened his hold as dictator. Now he is accused of fomenting a war with a weak sister republic so as to strengthen his precarious position at Caracas. Though there appears no better reason for such a war, plenty of grounds for picking a quarrel can be furnished at any moment by the disaffected liberals of Colombia.

For many years these men have been conspiring with the successful liberal leaders across the borders of Honduras, Costa Rica and Venezuela for the overthrow of the hated conservative-clerical government of Colombia. At last the opportunity for this long-cherished project seems ripe.

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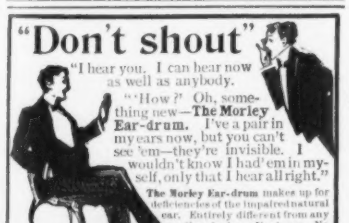

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THE ONLY WOMAN'S ATHLETIC CLUB

By PAULINA HARRIETTE LYON, Secretary and Manager of the Chicago Woman's Athletic Club

PAULINA HARRIETTE LYON

THE FOUNDERS AND members of the Woman's Athletic Club of Chicago are about to hold a series of entertainments to celebrate the success of their undertaking. The club was started only two years ago, the first of its kind in this or any other country. With the membership limited to five hundred, we now have three hundred and seventy-five members, each paying forty dollars a year in dues. This membership is divided into what we call the matron class and the maiden class. After our two years of existence many of the matrons have joined the maidens—by which the reader can draw his own conclusion as to what I mean. It is sufficient to say that this putting back of the matrons is somewhat like putting back the hands of a clock—on the face of both the clock and the woman time seems to have been gained. On the other hand, the maidens will continue for a long time to be too young—financially, at least—to array themselves with the matrons, whose initiation fee of one hundred dollars naturally counts for more than the ten dollars junior fee.

About a year before the club was formed I sent out one thousand invitations to society women of Chicago, to meet at the Auditorium to consider a plan for exactly the kind of club which we are now enjoying. The day came, but not the women; at least, only an apathetic and an unlucky thirteen of them. A woman may be convinced against her will, but not against her won't; and my won't was aroused by the "Give-it-up" attitude of the thirteen. So, twelve months later, we had a hundred thousand-dollar club-house, with three floors equipped with the finest of paraphernalia for athletics. In exterior appearance, our club-house is quite as imposing as the home of any Union League Club in the country. It is now proposed to start a similar club in New York. The amount necessary for this new undertaking will probably be one million dollars.

The president of the Chicago club is Mrs. Philip D. Armour; the vice-president is Mrs. Theodore Perry Shonts, daughter of Governor Drake of Iowa. Our club has no committee meetings, and therefore none of the quarrels that usually make matters so lively in any organization composed of the fair sex. The few necessary officers, whom we elect, hold their positions for the term of one year.

We have a department which men would call a café, but which we call a tearoom. And we sign cards for "things," exactly as men do in their clubs. We have not yet established a regular "Men's day," to return the compliment of "Ladies' day" given in our honor by certain men's clubs. Men, however, are admitted to certain of our entertainments and receptions. The house is open during the day, the most popular hours of attendance being from nine to three. Only on special occasions do we light up at night. I might add that we have no overnight quarters such as are afforded to the members of most men's clubs; nor have we yet entered upon the system of "putting up a friend" for a day or two "at the club."

A SHOAL OF MERMAIDS

The most attractive section of the club-house is the swimming pool on the first floor. It is sixty-five feet in length and twenty feet wide—and not many men's clubs can make a better showing than that. It is of white, matched marble, as are also the corridors and pillars along one side and the visitors' gallery at one end. Over the pool there is a row of travelling rings from which advanced pupils swing before they plunge into the water. One side of the pool is all mirrors. Fancy the beautiful effect when the four great art domes in the ceiling are lighted with three hundred incandescent lights, reflecting soft tints of green and pink in the blue waters, and again in the mirrors. This was one of the first swimming pools built exclusively for women—in Chicago, at least.

To demonstrate how little women formerly knew of swimming pools, I am reminded of an amusing incident which occurred at the opening reception of our club. In the work of preparing the house for occupancy we had been the victims of five strikes, as at that time labor troubles were at their height. The pool being unfinished, a number of Oriental rugs had been placed on the bottom to conceal its incompleteness. Two ladies stood looking at this great marble bathtub, studying it. Suddenly one said, "Why are those rugs there?" To which the other replied, "Oh, the marble would be so cold to our feet—we *must* have them."

THE ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH

Right off the swimming pool is the large gymnasium, finished entirely in hardwood and equipped with all the latest apparatus for health-giving exercise. Here are rope ladders, fencing outfits, rowing machines, punching bags, and a running track in the balcony half-way between ceiling and floor. The running track has its balustrade brilliantly outlined with electric lights. Other departments on the first floor include a complete hair-dressing establishment, a series of perfectly appointed Turkish baths and a bowling alley. There is also a room set aside for medical massage and a score of dressing-rooms for the use of swimmers.

The second floor is fitted up with a view to the social side of life in such a club. Here are the usual reception-rooms, parlors, reading-rooms, dining-room, and dancing-room. These are the rooms used for our musicales and breakfasts, and here many of the members give luncheons, or matinee teas, instead of entertaining in their own homes.

The instruction in athletics in the club is in the hands of female experts—separate instructors, of course, for swimming, fencing, dancing, and the gymnastic work. We give two entertainments each year, to which physicians are invited to witness a demonstration of the practicability of the work done in the gymnasium and pool. All our exercises with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and other forms of calisthenics are done in unison to music, which is the finest possible accompaniment for such pastime.

All the members take to the athletic work in earnest. We have among us, therefore, a number of fancy swimmers and several very accomplished aquatic performers, who can dive, float, and do many other "stunts" in the pool. We have regular club uniforms, appropriate, respectively, to the pool and the gymnasium. These consist of a blouse and short divided skirt of navy blue, with scarlet collar and cuffs. The members are just now giving a great deal of attention to fancy dancing, as this has come to be considered one of the highest forms of health-giving exercise.

NOT A PASSING FAD

The club, as now established, is by no means a mere fad of society women, for all the work is conducted on a basis strictly

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)

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SENSIBLE TO QUIT.

Coffee Agrees With Some People, But Not With All.

"Coffee has caused my son-in-law to have nausea and pain in the stomach and bowels.

In my own case I am unable to drink coffee without having distress afterwards, and my son, eleven years old, has had dyspepsia, caused by drinking coffee.

We all abandoned the use of coffee some months ago and have been using the Postum Food Coffee since.

Each and every one of us have been entirely cured of our troubles and we are naturally great friends of Postum. I have tried several different ways of making it, but there's no way so good as to follow the directions properly; then we have a delicious drink." Mrs. A. E. Moublo, 331 Lynn St., Malden, Mass.

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HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

THE POLICEMAN IN THE SADDLE

THE MOUNTED POLICEMAN is even more modest than the seen-but-not-heard small boy; for the dashing cavalryman of the "Finest" is seldom either heard or seen. We hear of his heroism in seizing the bit of a runaway, but we know not the sound of his voice. We know that he saves many lives each week among riders and drivers in the Park, yet in peace times he is rarely in evidence. The cause of this is that his beat is from eight to twelve miles long, and there are not enough of his kind in Greater New York to make a regiment.

In all the boroughs there are only about six hundred guardians of the peace on horseback; of which four hundred and fifty are in Manhattan and the Bronx, and one hundred and fifty in Brooklyn. Until recently, the principal duties of the mounted policeman were to stop runaways, ride at the head of a procession, and look handsome. But now automobiles have been added to his troubles, not to speak of the new orders by which he is required not only to patrol the driveways, but to watch all the side streets, and even leave the saddle, if necessary, to capture violators of the law.

Though the pay of a mounted policeman is no higher than that of the patrolman afoot—eight hundred dollars the first year up to fourteen hundred dollars the fifth year—yet the majority of sidewalk pacers envy the horseman. For the mounted man is the aristocrat of the service. He has certain advantages, in the way of having a pleasant beat instead of being obliged to take his chances of passing his days among the swel-tering hordes of the foreign quarters. Each member of the mounted squad is responsible for the health and appearance of his mount, though he is allowed the services of a stableman to groom and feed. Horses for the squad are selected with the utmost care, Kentucky thoroughbreds occupying nearly all the stalls. And the man who wants to ride these animals must first qualify, not only as a horseman, but as a rough rider. The principal difference between the mounted and the bicycle squad is the difference in the mount. The pay is the same.

WARNING FAST DRIVERS

STOPPING A RUNAWAY ON THE RIVERSIDE PATH

COMING ALONGSIDE OF A FAST PAIR

THE WAR AGAINST THE MOSQUITO

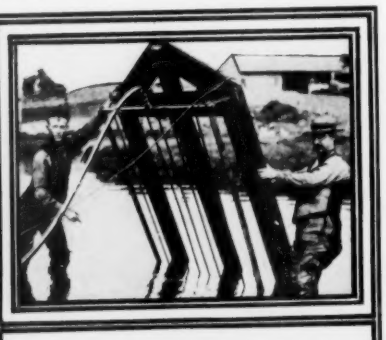
THAT war can be successfully waged against mosquitoes, and that a wholesale slaughter of these insects in a given region minimizes the prevalence of malaria, has recently been demonstrated in experiments conducted by Dr. Alvah H. Doty, Health Officer of the Port of New York. Like the American Revolution, the mosquito war began at a place called Concord. Only this Concord was on Staten Island, and the chosen seat of operations was a group of ponds near the town mentioned. The weapon of destruction was Standard Oil, and while oil on troubled waters means life to ships, Dr. Doty proved that the same means death to mosquitoes. For after the larvæ-infested ponds had been impregnated with petroleum the number of dead baby mosquitoes floating on the surface of any one of them exceeded the number of female infants which the Ganges could yield up after all the centuries.

This story may seem a Jules Verne tale, may furnish material for opera-bouffe, but, nevertheless, health officers all over the country consider the mosquito war of importance to the science of sanitation. With three sanitary policemen and five helpers, as an army, his supply train, consisting of an oil-tank on wheels, a raft, a pressure pump and a scythe, Dr. Doty charged the enemy. The raft, specially constructed, was about eight feet long and had on its under side a series of perforated gas pipes, into which oil was fed, through a garden hose, from the oil-tank. While the raft was dragged back and forth over the surface of the pond, the oil was forced through the perforations in the pipes by means of compressed air and the pressure pump, causing jets of oil to spurt downward about eighteen inches. In this way the petroleum permeated the water, before it rose to form a scum on the surface. Then, to make certain that none of the enemy escaped, the scythe was brought into play and the surrounding weeds were mowed down, raked into heaps and sprinkled with oil.

All this trouble was taken, not merely to kill mosquitoes, but to check the spread of malaria. For in his laboratory Dr. Doty had previously made experiments which established, beyond question, the fact that mosquitoes are germ carriers. From houses in which persons were suffering from malaria he obtained sample mosquitoes. The result of the study of the samples was that mosquitoes inject the germs of malaria, and even of yellow fever, into the blood of human beings, and are, therefore, to some extent, the cause of the spread of such diseases. Having proven his theory correct, Dr. Doty has ceased slaughtering, and the work of killing the countless billions of American mosquitoes devolves upon the proper executioners in the various States from Maine to California.

WATCHING THE EXPERIMENTS

THE OIL-TANK AND COMPRESSED AIR CYLINDER



OIL-DISTRIBUTING RAFT

DRAGGING THE RAFT ACROSS THE POND

TWO PROFESSORS AND ONE MUMMY

By HENRY A. HERING Illustrated by THOMAS FOGARTY

"MY DEAR SIR, OR MADAM, medicine and treatment are of no avail in your particular case. What you require is a breath of your native air. That will do you more good than all the doctors' prescriptions in the world. Go to your birthplace to-morrow, and come and see me again in a month—cured."

The above airy advice has been addressed from time immemorial, alike by perplexed specialist and nonplused general practitioner, to the despairing patient, but there are no statistics available as to results. To those who have received this advice, and are hesitating whether to follow it, I give a remarkable instance of the beneficial results following the sojourn of a lady in her native air after the lapse of a considerable time, when all other attempts to restore her to her pristine vigor had signally failed.

THE BROTHERS ROBINSON are noted savants. The elder, Henry, resides in the Scilly Isles, and there pursues his remarkable investigations of fungi. The younger, Richard, is Professor of Egyptology at the University of Padua.

One day Professor Henry Robinson received the following letter, dated from the British Museum:

"MY DEAR SIR—We have just received from a correspondent in Samoa, some fungi of native growth, and seemingly of most interesting character. As they are quite outside our province, I am forwarding them to you in the hope that they may be of use for your new work, which I trust will soon be through the press.

"Yours faithfully,
"JAMES MUNROE."

That week Professor Richard Robinson of Padua also received a note from the same source:

"DEAR ROBINSON—Padré has sent us a mummy of the XXV. Dynasty. We are overstocked with this period, and as I remember your lament about the scarcity of specimens at your place, I am forwarding the case to you. You might report us if you find anything special about it.

"We shall no doubt meet at Geneva next month.

"With kindest regards to Mrs. Robinson,
"Sincerely yours,
"JAMES MUNROE."

These letters, though no doubt of importance to the gentlemen to whom they were addressed, are of absolutely no interest to the outside world, and had the packages therein mentioned been duly forwarded to their respective destinations this story would not have been written; but owing to a clerical error this did not occur. The Egyptian mummy was addressed to the Scilly Isles, and Professor Richard Robinson received the case containing fungi.

There was hard swearing in Italy when the latter was opened, and for the moment, being early in April, it was thought that Mr. Munroe had been guilty of a practical joke, alike below the dignity of his office and unworthy of his high character.

Suddenly light flashed across the Egyptological brain of the Paduan Professor.

"I see how it is. Munroe has sent Richard my mummy, and I've got his fungi. There was a similar mistake made about ten years ago with some cuneiform and a prickly cactus. I will write at once."

So the learned gentleman sat down and penned a desultory effusion to his brother, winding up with—

"By the by, do you happen to have received a mummy? Munroe has advised me of one, and sent a box of fungi. I presume it is the old mistake. Anyway, I am sending you the fungi, and shall be glad to hear of my property."

A week later he received the following unconclusive reply:

"DEAR RICHARD—Sinnot is an ass; the matter was settled by Divine twenty years ago in his treatise on Tuberaceæ. Delighted to hear your boy is doing so well. Shall be glad to see him when he can spare time to run over.

"I hear you are going to Geneva. For Heaven's sake be careful. You are so rash in your conjectures. Lockyer tells me that you are quite wrong in your conjectures about the orientation of the Temple of Pthah at Memphis.

"Your affectionate brother,
"HENRY."

"P.S.—Many thanks for the fungi you advise. Munroe ought to know my address by this time."

"Confound his impudence," said Professor Richard Robinson, when he read this letter. "I should like to know if my word isn't as good as Lockyer's any day. 'Rash in my conjectures,' indeed! What about his own paper on potato disease? It was the laughing-stock of Europe. And what about my mummy? He hasn't even the grace to mention it. I'll wire him."

So in considerable indignation the learned Professor sent off the following message: "*Have you got my mummy? Richard.*" and in a few hours received the reply, "*There is no mummy in my house. Henry.*"

The Paduan Professor's language on receipt of this wire was loud and strong.

"Dick," he said to his son, "you can take your vacation now instead of next month. You must start for England

THE PROFESSOR WAS SEATED BEFORE THE FIRE, GENTLY STROKING THE HEAD OF A THINLY-CLAD LADY

to-morrow. Your uncle has sent me this wire in reply to mine. He's equivocating—that's the long and short of it. He's got my specimen, and is detaining it for purposes best known to himself. You must get to the bottom of the matter; and my last instructions are—don't come home without the mummy."

On the following day Richard Robinson, Jr., set off for the Scilly Isles in quest of the afore-mentioned antiquity.

Professor Richard Robinson was right in his surmise. His brother had received the mummy.

The size and form of the case excited his surprise and misgivings from the first, and deep was his disgust when its contents were finally reached.

"It's the old mistake over again," he plaintively murmured. "Munroe has sent my fungi to Richard. I hope he will have the sense to forward them to me. I'll repack this effigy to-morrow, and send it off to Padua at once."

Then the Professor resumed his interrupted work, and finished his celebrated chapter on the Hypodermiæ, thereby placing the name of Robinson among the Immortals.

The next day the Professor rose later than usual, for he was somewhat exhausted by the strain upon his brain of the previous evening. He had his breakfast, lighted his pipe, read his letters and papers, and then entered his den to pack up the "effigy," as he contemptuously called it. On the threshold of the room he cast a glance at the package; then he stopped short and took a good look; then he rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Re-markable!" he ejaculated, and with a certain amount of awe advanced toward the case.

"Re-markable!" he again ejaculated, and sank down on a chair before it.

The day before he had seen in the case the features of a mummy. They were not shrivelled up and dried as he had thought they always were, but they were wooden, lifeless and inert. Now he saw in their place the face of a girl. It was pale and heavy, and, it must be admitted, dirty; but it was the face of a living being, for the mummy was breathing!

For a few minutes the Professor gazed at her in absolute bewilderment, and the stupendous nature of his discovery only dawned upon him by degrees.

Here was a mummy, after the lapse of probably thousands of years, restored to life under his roof, seemingly without the action of any external agency whatever. It was simply marvellous. It was an incident unparalleled in the history of the human race. How Richard would envy him!

As these thoughts passed across his brain the eyes of the female slowly opened, and she looked dreamily around. Then they closed, and then opened again. Her faculties seemed to be slowly awakening, and in a confused manner she was taking in her surroundings. Then she saw the Professor. He was now standing with open eyes and mouth, and his hand grasped the hammer intended for nailing up the case. She evidently thought he was some monster intending to do her bodily harm, for, no sooner did she see him than she gave a screech of terror, and fainted straight away.

Thereupon the Professor did a foolish thing. Instead of summoning his housekeeper to the rescue, he ran for some water and dashed it in her face, and then noticing she was tightly strapped round, he hastily cut what wrappings he could, in order to give her relief. In a few minutes his exertions were rewarded by consciousness returning, and at length the eyes opened again.

"Pray, don't be afraid, madam," said the Professor in his most soothing tones. "I assure you I intend you no harm."

Her lips opened, and she tried to speak; but long disuse had cloyed her tongue, and it refused to move. The ever alert Professor rushed off for more water, and poured the contents of a glass down her throat. Then her voice came; at first incoherent and spasmodic; finally fluent and melodious—but the words she uttered were incomprehensible to the Professor. He shook his head in response to her speech, and tried to make himself understood in what he remembered of Greek, as being the most likely language in his repertory, but without any satisfactory result. The lady was fast becoming distressed at her inability to make herself understood. At last she nodded to the cloths in which she was swaddled, then to the Professor, and then to the door.

"Oh! certainly, madam," he replied, quite forgetting his words would not be understood. "You will find some pins on my table. See, here they are. And when you are ready please call for me. My name is Robinson—Henry Robinson."

He said these words over and over again, pointing the while to himself. The lady guessed his meaning, and slowly repeated them after him—with a delicious and indescribable foreign accent.

The Professor withdrew from the room. In a quarter of an hour or so he heard the door open and a silvery voice call out: "Rob—in—son—'En-ry—Rob—in—son."

From which it may be inferred that the lady had not been accustomed to the use of the aspirate, or had forgotten it in the long years that had intervened since last she used it.

The Professor obeyed the call with alacrity. The late mummy had made the most of her time and opportunities. She was standing by the fire, and her clinging robe, held together by a multitude of pins, showed her lissom figure to great advantage. He now saw her features clearly for the first time, and he was surprised to find nothing Egyptian about them. Instead of the face being olive and oval, it was clear colored and square jawed. Her eyes were blue, and her hair fair. In fact, there was no trace of Eastern origin. She was slighter than he had thought, but exquisitely proportioned, and, notwithstanding the accumulated disadvantages of centuries, she looked like some dainty visitant from Fairyland—or so thought the Professor, whose thoughts seldom run on fairies.

Mr. Robinson hastened to express his gratification at her presence, but his polite phrases died away on his lips as she looked at him uncomprehendingly and almost tearfully.

"Poor thing! she must feel dreadfully lonely," he thought to himself. "I hope she isn't going to cry."

Then a brilliant idea struck him. He raised his hand to his mouth, and simulated, with a minimum of success, the operations of eating and drinking. The girl smiled and nodded. She understood.

The Professor left the room to see his housekeeper on the subject. He was so much impressed with his errand that he did not even think of any explanation being necessary to account for the presence of this interesting visitor.

"Mrs. Pridgett," said he, "will you please prepare some breakfast at once for a young lady."

"When do you expect her, sir?"

"She's here now."

"But I haven't unlocked the front door yet. When did she come, sir?"

"She came, Mrs. Pridgett—ah! yes, of course—she came overnight."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Pridgett in blank amazement.

"And I think you had better see about some clothing for her. She has very little on at present."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Pridgett in a most withering tone. But it passed the Professor unheeded.

"Don't be long with the breakfast, please. She has not broken her fast for some time."

Mrs. Pridgett bustled about indignantly, and in due course took in the meal. It was well she opened the door with empty hands, or the tray would most assuredly have fallen on the ground in her amazement, for the Professor was seated before the fire gently stroking the head of a thinly-clad lady, who was seated on the hearthrug at his feet.

"There, my dear, don't be frightened. It's only Mrs. Pridgett," said the Professor reassuringly.

Indeed, some assurance of this nature was needed, for fierce indignation and undisguised contempt were written on that lady's features. She simply glared at the stranger as she flung down the tray upon the table. Then she bounced out of the room with her chin high in the air.

"Dear me!" said the Professor, who had surveyed this performance with some astonishment; "I have never seen Mrs. Pridgett taken like that before. I am afraid she must be unwell."

And Mrs. Pridgett seemed to be very unwell during the next few days.

That afternoon the Professor rang for her.

"Mrs. Pridgett, I wish you to be particularly kind and attentive to that young lady while she is here," said he.

Mrs. Pridgett sniffed.

"She naturally feels somewhat lonely, for she has no friend in the world but me."

"Ah!" gasped Mrs. Pridgett.

"See, here is some money for clothing. Just get her what you think best."

The housekeeper made no reply.

"I hope you quite understand me, Mrs. Pridgett."

"Perfectly, sir."

"That being so, perhaps you will go to—er, my ward at once."

"What did you say her name was, sir?"

"Well, really—I quite forgot to ask."

Mrs. Pridgett fled, banging the door behind her.

"She is really most unaccountable in her behavior to-day," said the savant, gazing at the door wonderingly.

The next day brought the letter from his brother, and in his reply the Professor prided himself upon having eluded the main question with considerable dexterity.

Some three days later he received a telegram from the same source, and he chuckled much as he wrote out his diplomatic answer.

All the while he was educating and amusing his "ward."

A few days after the despatch of his telegram, Professor Henry Robinson was seated on the floor playing "ring taw" with his visitor. It was a game in which she had indulged with considerable zest on the banks of the Nile in earlier days. Whatever the Professor did he did thoroughly, and he was head and ears over in the intricacies of the game when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," he shouted, without looking up. "Now, my dear, knuckle fair." Then, receiving no answer, he glanced toward his companion, whom he found gazing with unfeigned interest upon a young man who had just entered, and who returned her look tenfold.

"Well, when you've quite finished staring the lady out of countenance, perhaps you'll say how-do-you-do to me," said the Professor.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, uncle, and the lady's also. I—er—did not expect to find a visitor here." And he looked inquiringly at her.

"Won't you introduce me, uncle?" he added.

"No; they did not introduce where she came from, but I'll explain who you are. Aida is a foreigner, and I'm educating her. She's getting on famously with the language. Beautiful weather, my dear, isn't it?"

"Beautiful weather, my dear Robinson—'Enry—Robinson," replied the girl, with much evident pride in her achievement.

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed her teacher. "This is my nephew Dick."

"My nephew Dick," she followed, with careful emphasis. "He's a young scamp, my dear, a young scamp."

"A dear young scamp," she continued, to Dick's intense gratification.

Such was the manner of Dick Robinson's introduction to the lady his uncle had called Aida, but who on earth she was, and where she came from, puzzled the young man's brain until after-dinner talk with the Professor.

"Oh, by the by, uncle," said he, when they were at last to themselves. "What about that mummy?"

"What about it?"

"Where is it?"

"I haven't a mummy in the house," said the Professor.

"So you wired; but the museum people say they sent it to you."

"Do they?"

"So where is it?"

"Well, Dick, I'll tell you. Our fair friend Aida is the identical piece of goods you are inquiring after."

"What!" exclaimed Dick in blank amazement.

"It's a fact—scarcely believable, but so it is. She came as a mummy, and now is what you see her."

For the moment Dick thought his uncle was mad.

"Yes, my boy," continued the Professor reflectively; "it's really wonderful. Your father would have given a great deal to have had this affair happen under his roof, but if the mummy had been sent to him it never could have happened, so it's nothing less than providential it was sent to me. I'll tell you all about it. But, first of all, tell me how old you think the young lady is."

"Twenty?"

"About two thousand five hundred and ninety-five! A few odd years one way or the other don't matter much, but that's her approximate age. She's rather ancient, eh? I have managed to extract enough information from her to form a very plausible theory to account for her restoration to life, and, like all great discoveries, it is an exceedingly simple one. But before I give it I will ask for corroborative evidence. I found this roll of papyrus in the case. The signs are unintelligible to me, but your father's son can, no doubt, decipher them."

For some time Dick puzzled over the time-faded and stained hieroglyphics. Then he turned to his uncle.

"I can't give you the exact translation as the guvn'r could have done, but, roughly speaking, this is the gist of it:

"'Aida, the fair lily from the lands of the setting sun, who fell asleep on the first of the festival of Osiris. Why she sleeps no man may say, and none may awaken her. Neither the cunning of the physicians nor the prayers and supplications of the High Priest of the Mighty Mysteries have availed, and the great Sun-God Ra smiles upon her in vain.' She is placed in the Inner Chamber of the Sanctuary of the Temple of Horus, and perchance the time may come when the soul of the sleeper will return and tell of its wanderings in Amenti, unless without death it rests forever in the Fields of Peace."

The Professor's face beamed with triumph while Dick was reading this.

"Spendid!" he ejaculated. "It makes my theory a dead certainty. Listen! About the year 700 B.C. our friend was born, if not in the Scilly Isles, at any rate on the coast hard by. Phœnician or other traders, calling for tin, carried her off with them and sold her into Egypt. How she passed her years there I have not yet been able to find out, but at the age of twenty or twenty-one she fell ill, and there her memory ceases. Now my theory is, and it is remarkably confirmed by what you have just read, that she fell into a trance from which it was impossible to rouse her. She was eventually put aside as dead, but on account of her comatose condition and possible revivification she was not embalmed. As time passed on her history was forgotten, and she was eventually inclosed in a sarcophagus.

"Now mark the marvellous sequence of events. After the lapse of two thousand and so many hundred years she attracted the attention of those who sent her to London. Munroe intended her for your father, but by a wonderfully lucky mistake she was forwarded to me—at her birthplace. Observe the result. Within a few hours of her arrival here her native air acted as a revivifying agent, and set in motion those springs of life which had lain inactive for so long. Just as grains of corn taken from mummy cases and planted after long centuries in congenial soil come to life again, so has Aida. Earth is to seed what air is to humanity, so there is nothing so very wonderful about it after all; or rather, the one wonder is so common that we think nothing about it, while the other is marvellous simply on account of its rarity. I was first led to this train of thought by her appearance, which is distinctly Celtic, and notably different from that of an Egyptian. Hers is an absolutely English face. Then as to the action of the air. You know that doctors often order their patients to breathe their native air, and that it frequently has most beneficial effects. In this case the results have been more than beneficial. They have been startling."

Dick listened to this explanation in open-eyed amazement. It was altogether too wonderful a history to grasp in a moment. It was incredible. Yet here was the girl restored to life; and there, in writing, her history. It must be so. His uncle's tale was true. He fell asleep that night thinking of the wonderful history of the mummy, but it was the face of the living girl that haunted his dreams, and the next day it was Richard Robinson, junior, who played ring-taw with Aida, the fair lily from the lands of the setting sun.

. . . . . .

Professor Richard Robinson of Padua anxiously awaited news of the mummy from his son, but the information he received was enigmatical and unsatisfactory, so much so that at last he threatened to run over to the Scilly Isles and see for himself what had happened.

Then Dick sent word he was returning, for he had made good use of his time, and further delay was unnecessary.

One evening the Paduan Professor was seated in his study. He kept anxiously looking at the clock, for his boy and the coveted specimen were due.

At length the door opened. Dick entered, and with him a lady.

The Professor rose, and looked at his son inquiringly.

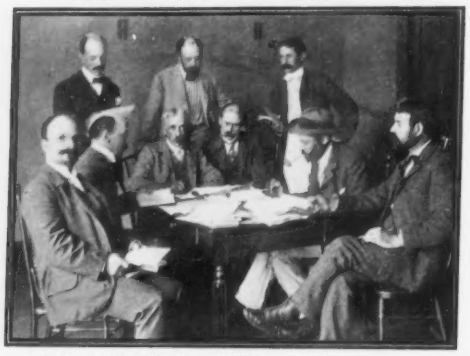
Dick took hold of his companion's hand and advanced.

"Father," he said, "I have brought home the mummy."

THE FINE ARTS JURY AT BUFFALO

Photograph by Amy Hare

FRENCH ADAMS PROCTOR REID



WOLF ISHAM BECKWITH BLASHFIELD COX

ART AWARDS AT THE PAN-AMERICAN

AWARDS are always unsatisfactory, and the recent findings of the Fine Arts Jury of the Art Exhibition at Buffalo are no exception to the universal rule. It is estimated that out of some one thousand pictures there were about two hundred and seventy awards.

One name—that of Augustus Saint-Gaudens—was selected for special honor. "In view of the extraordinary and also exceptional merit of the work in sculpture exhibited by Augustus Saint Gaudens, the jury unanimously and earnestly recommends that the award of a special diploma and medal of honor, above and apart from all other awards, be created solely for his work." The Fine Arts Jury was composed of J. Carroll Beckwith, chairman; Edwin H. Blashfield, G. A. Reid, Samuel Isham, Daniel C. French, Herbert Adams, Kenyon Cox, M. Wolf, and A. Phimister Proctor.

BROOKLYN ROWING CLUB'S SWIMMING CONTEST FOR WOMEN. THE START FROM FORT WADSWORTH

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

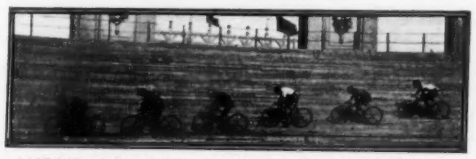
Edited by WALTER CAMP

SWIMMING A RATHER remarkable swimming contest took place across the Narrows, between Brooklyn and Staten Island, when two girls, one nineteen and the other eleven, swam a distance more or less accurately estimated at four miles. The younger girl, Miss Elaine Golding, defeated Miss May Behr by nearly half a mile. On account of the currents it proved necessary to finish the race at the dock of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, which rather upset the conditions but did not alter the result.

MISS GOLDING

BICYCLING There is no more exciting sport in the world than bicycle racing, especially so far as spectators are concerned. A great many people, through lack of experience, know nothing about the exhilaration and the fascination of seeing these men on the flying wheels go whirling about the banked-up tracks which are now provided for all cycle racing. It is well worth while for one who has never witnessed a contest of this kind to seize upon the first opportunity for enjoying it, and it is safe to say that his first experience will surely not be his last.

The first thing that strikes the ignorant spectator, if he visits one of the coliseum or board tracks, is the tremendous banking-up of the surface. In fact, an engineer who had been asked to construct one of these tracks, came to the writer not long ago and asserted flatly that if he laid out the track according to specifications no bicyclist could ride on it without falling over. The writer, after telling the engineer that the riders would certainly fall over if he did



LAST LAP OF THE FIVE-MILE HANDICAP RACE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

not make it that way, took him to a track pitched at the questioned angle and let him see the races there run. This was convincing, and the engineer laid out a thoroughly satisfactory track.

Professional cycle racing is now divided into a series of a half-dozen circuits, composed of excellently built tracks owned by capable managers who do much to develop interest in these races. One circuit takes in the New England tracks, another the Metropolitan, a third the tracks in New York State, while there is also a Central, Middle-Western, and Western circuit. The Central has for its most important tracks those at Cleveland and Cincinnati, while the New England has the Charles River, Springfield, Worcester, Providence, and one or two others. The principal tracks in the Metropolitan circuit are the Manhattan Beach, Vailsburg, Woodside Park, Baltimore, and Washington. The New York State has Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, and Pittsburg, while the Middle-West has Chicago, Louisville, Indianapolis, and Milwaukee, and the Western, Salt Lake City, Butte, and the California tracks.

MARCUS HURLEY, N. Y. A. C.

Yet with all this excellent organization and the unquestioned element of interest and excitement in the racing that appeals most strongly to the American public, there crops out that curse of all modern professional sport—rowdyism, charges of crookedness, quarrels, and general bad blood. Eliminate this from baseball and cycle races, and the public would be unwaveringly devoted.

Amateur racing is pretty largely overshadowed by professional riding, and this was never more thoroughly demonstrated than in the six days' race meeting at the Buffalo Stadium. The Quarter-Mile Circuit Championship had in it such class men as Lawson of Buffalo, Kramer of East Orange, Cooper of Detroit, Taylor of Worcester, Fenn of Waterbury, McFarland of San Jose, Freeman of Portland, and Housman of New Haven. Kramer and Taylor took the two semi-finals, with Lawson and Freeman in the second places. In a field like this, a race is worth going far to see. In the exhibition open, Joseph Fulton of Springfield riding against the world's amateur 5-mile paced record of 8 minutes 13¼ seconds, reduced it to 8 minutes 2¼ seconds. Walter Smith, thereupon, rode against Fulton's record and brought it down to 7 minutes 53 seconds. The fastest mile ever ridden by a tandem on a bicycle track was covered by Henshaw and Hedstrom in 1 minute 18⅘ seconds.

F. S. DOUGLAS ADDRESSING BALL FOR DRIVE

GOLF There is no man among our golfing amateurs to-day who can hold Findlay S. Douglas when he is at the top of his game, and if one were to measure superiority purely by the distance gained in the long game there would be no one to dispute Douglas's premier position even for a moment. There have been times in past seasons when through most erratic work on the putting greens he has been defeated, but there never was a time when any one could concede him anything on the long game. The illustrations which are given herewith illustrate his style, both in addressing for the drive and at the top of his swing. He is a larger man than Cochrane, whose form was illustrated in these columns a few weeks ago, and he makes his strength tell. His golf was not learned here, as was Cochrane's, and he began at an earlier and more receptive age and has played longer. Douglas is a good man with the irons as well as with the wooden clubs. Hence it is worth noting in the accompanying illustrations how he carries the club at the top of his swing for a cleek shot, and also how he finishes through with the iron. In approaching he is accurate and careful, and of late his putting has improved most remarkably over former years, so that he no longer throws away much of the advantage he has gained through the fair greens when he reaches the point from where he can look down into the cup.

ENGLISH ATHLETIC METHODS Mr. W. Y. Winthrop, the famous Cambridge shot putter, whose muscular figure was a feature at the inter-university sports and chief athletic meetings in England between seventeen and nineteen years ago, writes, apropos of the probable international meeting between joint teams representing Oxford and Cambridge and Yale and Harvard, as follows:

DOUGLAS DRIVING—TOP OF SWING

"It is generally acknowledged in this country that out of the multitude of American universities, Yale and Harvard occupy a parallel position on this side to what Oxford and Cambridge do on the other. And they unquestionably possess a sure title to this claim of pre-eminence—first, on the ground of seniority; secondly, for what they have accomplished, since they have figured as exemplars and patterns for all the other American institutions of like nature; thirdly, on account of the roll of distinguished alumni who have received their education within their now time-honored walls; and, fourthly, for the high standard of honor and sportsmanlike (using the word in its best sense) gentlemanly feeling that have ever characterized their respective meetings and proceedings.

"There is little question that Yale approximates more nearly to our English universities than does Harvard. I mean by this that in the former, as at Oxford and Cambridge, the field is open to talent, and that family and society influence weigh less in the scale than they do in the latter. 'A man's a man for a' that,' and if his merits and behavior warrant consideration, the son of a butcher should stand on an equal footing with the son of a baron, and the offspring of a milkman can do his university as much honor on the river or the running track as the heir-apparent of a millionnaire.

"I think the advantages of the English varsity system are manifest both from a social as well as an athletic point of view, more especially in the latter; the emulation excited among the various colleges inducing a very much greater number of men to go in for some form of exercise than in American varsities with their one college system. The difference is glaring. At Cambridge, England, nearly sixty eight-oared college boats lash the waters of the muddy Cam with their hundreds of oars, while not more than half a dozen regular crews make up at either Harvard or Yale.

"Since I have been here, however, I have become a convert to scientific training. Oxford and Cambridge should acquire competent, well-paid instructors. All American varsities are equipped with these, and the result is that the average form displayed is consistent and high. Varsity representatives are everywhere brought up to the scratch in the pink of condition. There is a prejudice, I know, in England against professional assistance in the training of our varsity athletes, but I think this prejudice is foolish and detrimental."

AUTOMOBILE LEGISLATION It is high time that the citizens took something more than a negative interest in the progress of the automobile. Viewed from the road standpoint, there are now three classes of citizens; the farmer, who expects to jog along in the middle of the road, or on either side of it, as best suits him, and who not long ago objected to the bicyclists; second, the average citizen, who takes little interest one way or the other except he be actually knocked over; and third, the chauffeur, who would go anywhere, and at any rate of speed, and who is so debased as to be able to breathe only by forced draught, as it were, when travelling fifty miles an hour.

CLEEK SHOT—TOP OF SWING

A compromise is always worth while, and especially so in the case of any novelty which promises to result in some practical development and utility. There is no question but that the automobile is becoming useful, and that its development is assured. But, as mentioned in these columns seriously several times, it is only the racing machines which can properly pave the way for the improvement of the ordinary. This is true in yachts, bicycles, horses, and automobiles. For this reason some favor should be extended to the racer, even though he may seem foolhardy and at times a nuisance. One of the first and most important steps must be to make tours possible by the adoption of uniform speed limits. No matter how much of a nuisance the chauffeur may be, it is not fair to him or to his kind to have speed regulations changed as he crosses imaginary lines. He must be regulated within cities and in places where high speed is dangerous to public safety, but in going from town to town he ought not to have so many shifts of legislation as to ensure his arrest no matter what he does, if he runs his machine at all.

If the automobilists in France keep up their present pace, the list of casualties promises to reach such astonishing proportions as to startle even those who view the hunting field and the football gridiron without apprehension.

In the Southwestern race at Pau earlier in the season there were nineteen actual starters, five carriages, ten voiturettes, and four tricycles. Barrow was the first to start. He had a twenty-four horse-power machine, but before he had gone a kilometre his clutch slipped and he was forced to abandon the race. W. K. Thorn followed half a minute later in a thirty horse-power machine, and about two kilometres from the start, in an attempt to avoid a cab, his automobile struck a tree and turned a complete somerset, throwing out Mr. Thorn and his man. The man was injured in the face and had a rib fractured, while Mr. Thorn had some injuries to the right eye and his shoulder was dislocated. Before thirty kilometres had been covered, two more competitors were out of it. Some of the roads were in very bad condition, especially fifty kilometres between Dax and Bayonne, which was covered with melting snow. In spite of this the average speed of the winner, Maurice Farman, was 47½ miles an hour. Nine out of the nineteen starters arrived at the finish. And this was only a moderate race! Why not view the racer as a martyr to the cause of improvement in machines and roads, and help him as far as public safety will admit?

CLEEK SHOT—FINISH OF SWING

POLO On Friday, Bryn Mawr, with the Waterburys, Snowden and McFadden, defeated Point Judith, made up of Hazard, La Montagne, Keith and R. J. Collier, in what proved to be an easy thing for the Philadelphias. Snowden was

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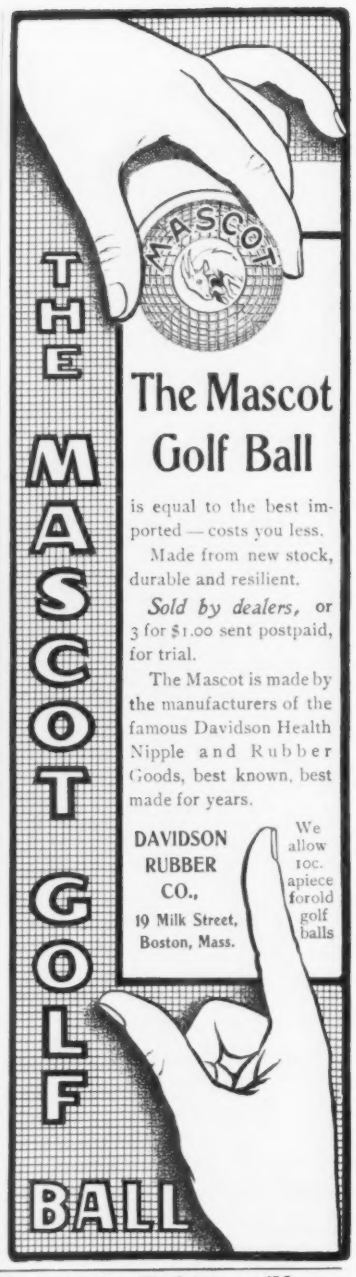

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at his best, and there were times when Bryn Mawr's team work was exceptionally good.

On Saturday the game between Westchester and Lakewood for the special cup was closer than Friday's match, Westchester finally winning, 9¼ to 8¾. Westchester exhibited by far the best individual play, but Lakewood had the better of the team work. The game was fast and exciting, Westchester having a lead of but one point at the beginning of the last period. Several times Lakewood had the opportunity of winning, but lost through wild drives. Warburton, Blair and Keith all had opportunities, but drove wild at the goal. Collier finally got it out of danger and took it down the field, and M. Waterbury made a drive at Lakewood's goal, missing it just as the time was up.

DOUGLAS PUTTING

The Point Judith Country Club Polo Tournament ended in the pouring rain by the defeat of Myopia by Bryn Mawr. The turf was wet and slippery, as M. Waterbury found at one time, but it was also soft, so that he escaped uninjured and finished out the game. The match was played without handicap, and, in spite of the occasional exceptional work of Shaw and Agasiz, the final score was 8 to 7¼ in favor of Bryn Mawr.

TENNIS

Lawn tennis has stolen a great march on golf at Southampton of late, and the tournament just held on the grounds of the Meadow Club has added materially to the defections from the royal and ancient game. It was a most interesting series of matches and brought together some of the old and some of the recently made veterans in a striking manner. One of the most entertaining matches in the early round was that between Ford Huntington, the Yale veteran, and Robert Leroy, the Columbia intercollegiate champion. It was a good match, and Huntington showed some of the best tennis of his career, winning out eventually, although he lost the second set. The next day, however, Huntington fell before W. A. Larned, whose placing of deep lobs proved too much for the Yale man. Clothier in this round defeated Watson easily. Stevens did the same by Guy P. Dodge. E. P. Larned won by default in this round.

The matches in the doubles were fully as interesting as some of the singles. In the first round, the veterans Ollie Campbell and Ford Huntington met C. H. Childs, the Yale champion, and Robert Leroy, the Columbia intercollegiate champion, defeating them two sets. Stevens and Whitman had a walkover with Blagden and Lee, and Larned and Watson came through safely.

The semi-finals brought out more sport, both in singles and doubles. The match between Clothier of Philadelphia and E. P. Larned showed Clothier at his best, and he utilized his reach almost as effectively as does our champion Whitman. Larned stuck to him well during the first set, which turned out 8—6 in the Philadelphian's favor; but in the second set Larned could not make even as good a fight as in the first, losing at 6—4, set and match.

The other contest, that between W. A. Larned and Richard Stevens, was interesting only in the resettlement of that annually appearing issue, whether a base-line player can ever defeat a man of the top class. Stevens, with his tremendous "getting" ability, can beat the average man, and is, without doubt, one of the best, if not the best, base-line player in the country. When he comes against a man of the top class the man simply slaughters him, exactly as did Larned in this contest, for Stevens was able to get just one game in the two sets.

The doubles gave the crowd an opportunity to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The veteran team, Ollie Campbell and Ford Huntington, made a most satisfactory fight against E. P. Larned and Clothier in the first set and finally won out by a score of 10—8. But their bolt was shot, and youth, as usual, demanded its day; for Larned and Clothier took the next set, 6—1, and the third and match, 6—4.

Richard Stevens and Whitman defeated W. A. Larned and Watson in what was really defective tennis for both sides.

In the finals Larned showed that, as his friends claim, he is steadier and surer than ever before in his career. Clothier, who has improved greatly, and whose reach at the net is something tremendous, could get but one game in the first set and two in the second. Never was Larned's class better exhibited than at the very outset, when Clothier, rushing for his favorite position at the net, was practically battered back by the pace which Larned set. In the second set, Clothier brought several of the games to deuce, but two were all he could succeed in winning.

Richard Stevens and Malcolm Whitman were the winners in the doubles. They had some trying moments, and their team work was not all that could be desired, but they succeeded, after winning the first and losing the second, in winning the third, 7—5, thus defeating E. P. Larned and Clothier.

At Bay Ridge, the Wrenn brothers showed the Western double champions, Messrs. Little and Alexander, that the defeat of Ward and Davis was by no means a stroke of fortune. Little and Alexander could secure but one set out of four.

NEWPORT TENNIS

What has been called the Social Tennis Tournament at Newport has been especially good, although the default of Miss Langhorn and Mr. Wright was much regretted.

AN APPROACH SHOT

Mrs. and Mr. Havemeyer won their way to the finals through the defeat of Miss Twombley and Mr. Rogers in a very close contest, winning the second set, a vantage set, 9—7. In the finals this pair met Miss Anna Sands and Mr. V. E. Sands, the latter pair owing 30, while the former owed ½—15; and before an audience of most interested friends, Mrs. and Mr. Havemeyer won out in five hotly contested sets. There was all sorts of speculation on the game, but even up to the very end the issue was in doubt.

Miss Sands and Mr. Sands won the first set, 6—4, and the third, 6—3; but Mrs. and Mr. Havemeyer took the second, fourth and fifth at 6—4.

ROWING

All sorts of tales have emanated from various sources since the Henley regatta to the effect that foreigners would hereafter be barred out. But it is believed by the majority of rowing men that the Englishmen are still quite able to protect themselves with the oar. They will not bar out the foreign entry without opening some other event as an international contest. The most interesting discussions that have arisen from the visit of the Pennsylvania crew have been those confined to the stroke and the width of the oar blade, and in this connection the opinion of various rowing experts has some value.

Bob Cook thus expressed himself on the eve of the race:

"I consider the Pennsylvanians to be in better physical condition than any other American crew who ever reached the eve of the Henley races. Their broad blades and style of stroke involve greater force and shock to the muscles and system than the long body swing and narrow blades of the British; but I think they can stand the strain and should have a fair chance with the Leanders."

He later said:

"Over such a punishing course as Henley it is a sprint all the way. With a quick, hard catch, a man swings up on the catch, and finds that he has 'bitten off more than he can chew,' with a broad blade. That is to say, he meets a resistance shock too strong for him to pull his blade through all the way, and his stroke is temporarily checked.

"The best illustration I can give refers to the street-car horses of New York. Years ago the sudden start when the driver started them with a sudden pull into their collars killed hundreds of them every year. It was this jolt or strain. Then an inventive genius placed springs between the whiffletree and car, so as to ease this shock, and the result in the working life of the animals was astonishing."

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One of the favorite methods by old timers is to drop three or four heaping teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts into a cup of coffee. The Grape-Nuts add a peculiar and delicious flavor to the coffee and give one a more piquant article of food than even the famous doughnuts and coffee of old New England.

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THE ONLY WOMAN'S ATHLETIC CLUB

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17)

scientific. Inasmuch as the club was not copied from any other woman's athletic club—indeed, there was none other to imitate—it was thought best to begin with conservative ideas and aspirations. We decided that it would be better to add such things as we should choose from time to time, as the result of experience, rather than to be hasty and find ourselves obliged to eliminate things which should prove undesirable. This has proven a wise course. We have added to our floor space, but this space is now become so inadequate that we have had plans drawn for a new building wherein will be contained all that can be desired by the woman who seeks physical perfection.

Some of the cross-roads and short cuts to health and a sunnier disposition, that are planned as added attractions in our new club home, are archery, equestrianism and indoor golf. We have also planned a jewelled rendezvous in connection with the pool and gymnasium dressing-rooms, which will be patterned after the baths of ancient Rome at the time this form of amusement was at its height.

TO ESTABLISH MORE CLUBS

With the clubs in Chicago and New York as Western and Eastern headquarters, we hope to establish a system of athletic clubs for women in America, in which no member will call herself a new woman because of her masculinity, but where all will be called new women by reason of the added charm and grace of manner wrought by systematic work within the walls of each club. Each city's membership will be kept as exclusive as possible, and when once a woman becomes a member of the club in her home city she shall be granted full membership privileges in the clubs of all other cities. The plans for this national undertaking are still in an undeveloped state, and yet we already have inquiries from influential women in large cities all the way from Boston to San Francisco. In the Chicago club alone we have members from Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, California, Minnesota, and New York.

Colleges realize that a physical department is required to enable girl students to cope successfully with males. Therefore, in most colleges for women athletic training has been introduced. Physicians also welcome athletic clubs for women. Indeed, though the idea of athletic clubs for women is a novelty, the benefits derived from membership will be so pronounced that, before many years, the gentle sex will consider such clubs indispensable.

I have often been asked to name the best daily routine for an athletic woman. My answer is: Plenty of exercise, a plunge in cold water, a salt glow, and dependence upon self instead of upon stimulants. I am glad to write this advice with my own pen, just once, for members of the press have been writing it for me for many months. The press, indeed, has been most curious as to the things we do in our club, and most persistent in printing the things we do not do. All this, however, has been in a spirit of kindness, for which we are grateful. So often has the word unique been applied to our organization that we think the Librarian of Congress ought to grant us the copyright of that word.

RULES TO PREVENT SQUABBLING

Some of the by-laws which govern our club may be of interest and of value to women in other cities, in forming athletic clubs fashioned after the one in Chicago. For instance, no woman is eligible to membership in our corporation unless she is either a creditor of the corporation or a surety or guarantor upon some of its obligations. Women who are not members of the corporation may be admitted to the privileges of the club under the name of associate members. A good plan for placing a club on a sound financial basis is that of dividing the members into four classes, known as honorary, life, resident, and non-resident, the dues and fees being regulated accordingly. A life membership in our club costs five hundred dollars.

Some of our house rules, too, may prove of interest. The club-house, for instance, is not open on Sundays. The house is also closed on all holidays. No person residing within thirty miles of Chicago may be introduced as a visitor more than once in three months. To avoid internal quarrels, we allow no complaints to be made in person, permit no verbal criticism. All complaints must be made in writing to the Board of Directors and signed by the complainant. Nor do we permit the administering of reprimands to servants of the club; for here, again, complaints must be made in writing and deposited in a complaint-box provided for the purpose.

A GLANCE AHEAD

WITH the next number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY Hall Caine's notable serial, "The Eternal City," will be brought to a close. It is a wonderful story, so full of powerful situations that a dramatic version of it is soon to be produced upon the stage. To follow this great novel we have secured something of an entirely different nature in

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY
FRANK R. STOCKTON

FRANK R. STOCKTON

IN this latest work, Mr. Stockton returns to that earlier literary method which made him known to thousands of readers, and laid the delights of "Rudder Grange" before the world. The present tale deals with the adventures of an amateur pirate. These experiences are numerous and varied, and are recounted with that quaint seriousness which is the spring of Mr. Stockton's humor. The story will be elaborately illustrated by A. I. Keller. The opening chapters will be published in an early issue. During the Autumn months we shall also present a short serial story

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

"IN THE FOG"
By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

PERHAPS this might better be announced as a succession of short stories; for, while there is a general theme to the series, yet each instalment will be a story in itself. They will be richly illustrated.

IN FOREIGN LANDS

In view of the possibility of war between Venezuela and Colombia we have sent

EDWIN EMERSON

EDWIN EMERSON

to South America to report and picture whatever events of importance the future may have in store. On the other side of the earth

FREDERICK PALMER

is studying the smouldering Eastern question. He is now in Siberia, ascending the Amur River, having passed into Manchuria through Korea. Should war break out in Afghanistan or in India, Mr. Palmer will be within striking distance of the scene of activity.

FREDERICK PALMER

STIRRING SHORT STORIES

will be a feature of the coming numbers of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*. We have a notable collection of short stories to present to our readers, and each week will offer a different style of story. Rudyard Kipling has written a tale which he calls "The Sahib's War," in which he combines the two fields in which he has achieved fame—India and South Africa.

Robert W. Chambers contributes the "Shining Band," which is undoubtedly the best bit of short fiction that has come from the pen of this clever story-teller. It will be fully illustrated by F. C. Yohn. Other stories are by Miss Caroline Duer, Herbert E. Hamblen, Frank R. Spearman, George Hibbard and a number of other clever writers.

RUDYARD KIPLING

ROBT. W. CHAMBERS

THE STRIKE SITUATION

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGE 9)

THE general strike order of President Theodore J. Shaffer of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers was obeyed by not more than seven thousand men in the plants of the National Tube Company and the National Steel Company. Intimidating methods of the strikers, however, caused the idleness of fully twenty-five hundred or three thousand more. The members of the Association employed in the plants at South Chicago, Milwaukee and Joliet of the Federal Steel Company refused to break the contracts with the company and strike. The organizers of the union are now working desperately to close other plants, and the indications are that sixteen thousand men altogether will have been rendered idle within the next few days.

The strikers have closed the steel works of the National Steel Company at Bellaire, Ohio, Mingo Junction, and at New Castle, Pennsylvania. These plants comprise about forty per cent of the capacity of the National Company, their daily tonnage being about twenty-two hundred tons. The company will close the three blast furnaces of the Mingo plant because of lack of demand for pig iron. The workmen of the New Castle and Mingo plants quit work voluntarily in response to President Shaffer's request, but the men at Bellaire were unwilling to strike. The strikers from Wheeling surrounded the plant early in the morning and so frightened the men at work that they quit Monday afternoon, August 12.

MORE MILLS CLOSED

The men at the Republic and Elba Iron Works at Pittsburg, at the Boston Rolling Mill at McKeesport, and at the tube works and rolling mill of the Riverside Iron Works at Benwood, West Virginia, of the National Tube Company, quit work voluntarily Sunday, August 11. The workingmen at the National Rolling Mill, Monongahela Steel Works and National Tube Works, all a part of the one tube plant of the National Tube Company at McKeesport, desired to go to work on Monday morning, August 12, but the strikers from the W. DeWees Wood Sheet Mill and from the Boston Rolling Mill so surrounded them that the men were unable to enter the plants. These works were then closed.

DEFECTION OF THE BOYS

The butt-weld boys, who do the greasing and rigging for the tube welders at McKeesport, struck Tuesday morning, August 13, and so crippled the mill that four out of eighteen welding furnaces had to be closed. The boys are simply incorrigible in a strike and are usually the fomenters of trouble. They struck in 1894, and forced eight thousand five hundred men into idleness. They also started rioting at that time. It looks now as though the boys would leave the plant and entirely close it. About five hundred are employed. Men cannot do the work because of the activity required.

The National Tube Company is almost without skelp from which the tubing is made, and even though the tube welders refuse to come out the plants at Wheeling and McKeesport will probably be idle. Other plants of the company may also be forced into closing. The company now has sixty per cent of its skelp-making capacity idle, although only about eleven per cent of its tube-making production has been cut off. The annual production of the National Tube Company is about one million tons, while that of the National Steel Company is one million eight hundred thousand tons.

The Mayor of McKeesport has shown such antagonism to the combination by refusing police protection, making statements in sympathy with the strikers, and by saying that he would send, and actually sending, out of town men who came to work as non-union workmen in the idle plants, that the American Sheet Steel Company has ordered the dismantling of its W. DeWees Wood plant at McKeesport and its removal to the Kiskiminetas Valley, where organizers of the Amalgamated Association have been unable to gain a foothold. The work of tearing down a plant that was taken into the combination at a value of four million dollars has already started, but the citizens of McKeesport cannot believe that it will be actually taken away. The Sheet Company has also started the demolition of the Chartiers Iron and Steel Company plant at Carnegie because of the refusal of the men to return to work.

The American Tin Plate Company has ordered the extension of the Monessen Tin Plate Company from a twelve-mill plant to a thirty-two-mill plant at a cost of about five hundred thousand dollars, because of the kindly spirit of the citizens of that town and because the workmen were the only persons in the entire tin plate company who refused overtures of the Amalgamated Association to be organized. They have persistently refused to strike. Small plants in other localities will be dismantled.

AUG 21 1901

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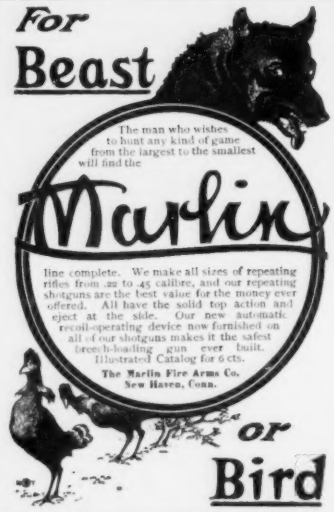

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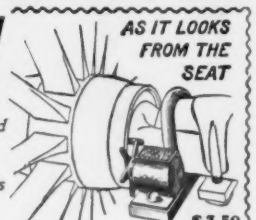

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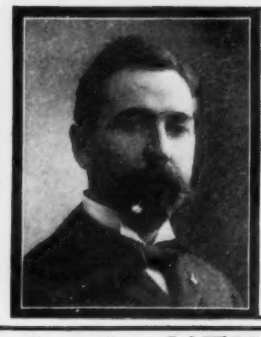

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